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Events of the Week.

THE Russian advance in Poland after the decisive victories on the Vistula has been slow, for the retreating German armies devoted themselves to a systematic destruction, not merely of the railways, but even of the roads. In Galicia, however, the Russians, after re-taking Tarnow, are now within artillery range of Cracow, though the reports from Rome, which speak of its investment and bombardment, are clearly premature. In East Prussia the threat of a serious invasion had begun to make itself felt once more, and refugees were already fleeing before the Russian armies. But no one expects that the strong German positions amid the Mazurian Lakes can be carried until the frost makes an advance possible over the marshes.

MEANWHILE the Germans have used their system of strategic railways to effect a sudden concentration of large forces at Thorn. From Thorn they marched rapidly back into North-West Poland, up the Valley of the Vistula. They caught the van of the Russian armies, first at Wloclawek, and then at Kutno, and inflicted on it a defeat which the German news at first described as decisive. It afterwards deprecated exaggeration. The official telegrams from Berlin claim 23,000 prisoners, besides many guns and

machine-guns, and estimate the total Russian losses at (say, 40,000 men) the equivalent of an army corps. Berlin has been decorated to celebrate this victory, and the Kaiser has sent his congratulations to General von Hindenburg. Later German telegrams claim that the effect of this success has already shown itself in the retreat of the westernmost of the Russian armies in East Prussia, from Soldau to Mlawe.

THE Russian official news is silent as to any big battle at Kutno, but admits that the German offensive has gone beyond Kutno, and that the Russian "advance guards" fell back before it. It is fairly clear that this check to the Russian advance, even if the German accounts of it are accurate, has not produced results comparable to von Hindenburg's victory at Tannenburg. The Russian "advance guards" must have been a numerous force, but they have evidently fallen back on larger reserves, which have renewed the struggle. This second battle, which is evidently on a much larger scale than the first, began on Monday or Tuesday, and is still, by the testimony of both sides, undecided. The Russians, though they are silent about any retreat from Soldau, are far from admitting that the check at Kutno has affected their position in East Prussia, and describe some encouraging successes in the eastern part of this area.

AFTER their two unsuccessful attempts to invade Serbia, the Austrian forces were reinforced and reformed. They have succeeded, after prolonged and very heavy fighting, in carrying all the Serbian positions in the north-west angle between the rivers Drina and Save, and have captured the town of Valievo, which was the seat of the Serbian headquarters. The position was a strong one, and if it is true that the Serbs were unable to remove their stores before evacuating the place, the blow to this poor and isolated little country is a heavy one. The Serbo-Montenegrin offensive against Serajevo failed long ago, and the Montenegrins now claim success only in repelling an Austrian invasion of their country. The principal Austrian military organ pays due honor in its comments to the valor and obstinacy of the Serbs, but there is no doubt that they are now outnumbered, and an appreciable part of their army is busied in repressing the beginnings of rebellion in Macedonia. The folly of their refusal to come to terms with Bulgaria, by offering her the restoration of what is properly her own in Macedonia, must now be apparent to Serbian statesmen. The influence of the British Government (which has been helping to find the sinews of war for Serbia) has been used energetically to bring about a settlement. The victorious Austrian advance ought to supply the clinching argument. With Bulgarian aid, the Serbs might by now have been before Budapest.

RUSSIA'S operations against Turkey have encountered an unexpectedly stubborn resistance from the Turkish armies under German leadership. The advance into Armenia followed two roads—a direct advance on Erzeroum, and a flanking movement through Persian territory directed against Van. The

country is excessively difficult, and almost roadless. The former movement has reached Köprikeui, a strong position two days' march from Erzeroum, where it has been held up by violent counter-attacks. The latter movement has just penetrated the Turco-Persian frontier at Kotur, where each side claims a success. Armenian bands and some Kurds, under the powerful chief Bederkan, are seconding the Russian advance. The Russian fleet meanwhile has bombarded Trebizond, which is the chief Turkish base of supply, but the Turks claim to have entered the Caucasus near the coast. The progress of this Armenian campaign will inevitably be slow, but if the Russians can take Van, they ought soon to be able to render the main Turkish position about Erzeroum untenable.

THE campaign in the west has once more failed this week to bring about any appreciable change. The Germans retain Dixmude, but have been unable to debouch or advance from it. We still hold Ypres, in spite of furious and continual assaults. The area of inundation has meanwhile been considerably increased along the Belgian and French portions of the Allied line. This is, no doubt, an invaluable defensive precaution, which will save much needless loss of life. But if it stops the German offensive in one area, it also prohibits any Allied advance. Beyond Flanders, the Germans, in spite of some very determined and murderous French attacks, are still in possession of their "door" at St. Mihiel, across the Meuse. But we gather that their hold on this important position has been seriously weakened. At Tracy-le-Val, the nearest point to Paris on the Aisne line, the Germans this week attempted a determined offensive, which was, however, repulsed. The main incident reported this week, though it occurred the week before, has been the charge of the Prussian Foot Guards. It was a performance worthy of the prestige of this famous corps, but it was repulsed with entire success and steadiness by our men, who followed up their resistance with a counter-attack. The official "Eye-witness," in despatch after despatch, has set himself to destroy the legend of a decline in German courage and *moral*, and repeats his eulogies of German courage.

WHEN the Russo-Turkish War broke out, people who accepted the official theories as to the inordinate superiority of the "all-big-gun" capital ship over every pre-Dreadnought type, assumed that the addition of the "Goeben" would give the Turkish fleet the mastery of the Black Sea. The Russians have nothing but older ships, and none too many of these. This week the official theory has been put to the test, and, luckily for our Allies, has collapsed. The "Goeben" and the "Breslau" met the Russian fleet on Wednesday near Sebastopol. The "Goeben" was attacked in a fog at a range of five miles. Its opponents had the numerical superiority in guns (twelve 12-in. guns distributed in three ships, as against the "Goeben's" ten 11-in. guns), and this factor, contrary to theory, seems to have told in spite of the "Goeben's" greater speed and facilities for concentrated fire.

THE first broadside from the Russians apparently set the "Goeben" on fire. The test is, perhaps, less than conclusive, for the "Goeben" was evidently taken by surprise, and her reply came slowly. It was ineffective when it did come, and after a quarter of an hour's cannonading, the "Goeben" decided to use her superior speed, and disappeared into the fog. The Russians state that their flagship suffered only slight

damage. The Turkish account exactly inverts the Russian news, and claims that it was the "Goeben" which victoriously pursued the Russians. Her speed is so much higher than theirs that, if this statement were true, the pursuit must soon have ended in the overtaking of the Russian ships. If the "Goeben" has really been seriously disabled, the Russian fleet ought to be able to make considerable use of its advantage.

BRITISH operations in the East have begun at several points round Arabia. Of the Turkish march on Egypt we hear nothing, except the German statement that the Khedive in person will command it. A British communication, which appeared in the French press, stated that the wells in the Sinai Peninsula have been destroyed and filled in, a precaution which will make any advance difficult. Meanwhile the Red Sea has been secured by the capture of the Turkish fort which commanded the Straits of Bab-el Mandeb, a naval exploit. An official communication foreshadows a policy of assisting the Arabs in any revolt which they may make against Turkish rule. Such a revolt, if successful, would end the Turkish possession of the Holy Places, and with it the Sultan's claim to the Caliphate. What appears to be a formidable offensive movement against Turkey in Mesopotamia has begun with the landing of an Anglo-Indian force at Fao, at the mouth of the Shat-el-Arab, on the Persian Gulf. With the aid of two of our smaller ships, it has already inflicted two defeats on the Turks. From East Africa, meanwhile, the news is unsatisfactory. Seven sharp engagements have been fought, and one of them at least was a heavy check. The casualties in this remote field amount to 900 men.

ON Monday, the Prime Minister announced that in addition to the vote of £100,000,000 the Government would ask for a supplementary vote of £225,000,000, or a total extraordinary grant of £325,000,000, which is to cover all war expenditure up to March 31st of next year. The Prime Minister estimated that up to last Saturday the cost of running the war amounted to between £900,000 and £1,000,000 a day—a figure which comes well within the general expectation of its expense.

ON the following day, the Chancellor of the Exchequer outlined his scheme for meeting this vast outlay. It has generally been accepted as fair and judicious. The Treasury has had to meet two kinds of war losses: first, a shrinkage of £11,000,000 on the ordinary revenue, and, secondly, an eight-months' expenditure of £328,000,000, with a total estimate of £450,000,000 for the first full year of the war. That meant that the Government had to find, by the end of the financial year, the sum of £535,000,000, implying a deficit of £339,000,000. The Chancellor adduced two strong precedents—the Napoleonic Wars and the Crimean War—in favor of a substantial contribution from taxation. Thus Pitt and his successors, representing a very poor England, raised, out of taxes, £391,000,000 out of £831,000,000; and Gladstone £35,000,000, out of a total of £67,000,000. The Chancellor insisted that we must not lay too heavy a burden on the future, because some four or five years after the war we should have to face a most serious industrial situation.

THE Chancellor's scheme for dividing up this burden between classes of present and future citizens was as follows: He will raise the war loan of £350,000,000 at 95, bearing interest at 3½ per cent., which makes it a 4 per cent. security. It will be redeemable in 1928. We regret that no subscriptions of less than £100 will be

admitted, in view of the fact that over 900,000 persons subscribed to the German war loan for various smaller amounts. Taxation is to be three-fold, and is all of a simple character. The present rates of income-tax and super-tax are to be doubled, though for this financial year only one-third of the income will be subject to the increased levy. Thus unearned incomes will be taxed at 1s. 8d. this year, and 2s. 6d. next; and earned incomes at 1s. this year and 1s. 6d. the next.

* * *

THE indirect taxation is of two characters, designed to hit teetotallers and non-teetotallers. The duty on beer is to be raised by 17s. 3d. a barrel—a figure which will enable the publican to add a halfpenny to his charge for half a pint. And tea is to be increased to the extent of 3d. in the pound. The latter impost is the heavier, for tea is a kind of mixed necessity and luxury for the very poorest. This year the Inland Revenue will collect £11,000,000 more from income-tax, and £1,500,000 from super-tax. Next year it will reap £38,750,000 from income-tax, and £6,000,000 from super-tax. Mr. George rejected a proposal for the direct taxation of wages, and for various reasons, declined new taxes on mineral waters, wine, whisky, and sugar. He concluded with a fine appeal for patriotic support for the loan. This appears to have been forthcoming, for, according to the "Daily Chronicle," the loan has been over-subscribed to the extent of £250,000,000.

* * *

THE debate on the Budget resolutions produced no combative spirit, but some interesting statements and *obiter dicta*. Mr. Chamberlain offered his help in working out the details of Mr. George's scheme, and the Government proposed some abatements and exemptions. Persons who could show that their income had been reduced by the war would be allowed to pay income-tax on the present year, instead of on the three-years' average, and so in the case of super-tax, provided their income had been reduced by one-third. The Chancellor also promised to consider the claim of officers serving at the front to be relieved of the double income-tax. Mr. Henderson, the Chairman of the Labor Party, made an interesting declaration in favor of replacing all indirect taxes by a graduated tax on wages.

* * *

THE Committee which is to consider the question of pensions and separation allowances has now been appointed. The terms of reference are to include officers as well as men, a very proper course. Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. McKenna represent the Government, Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Austen Chamberlain the front Opposition bench, and the other members are Mr. Barnes and Mr. T. P. O'Connor. The motion for the appointment of the Committee was made on Wednesday, and there was a discussion, initiated by Mr. Hayes Fisher, who spoke as Chairman of the Royal Patriotic Fund Association. There was a general agreement that the proposed scheme was inadequate. Mr. Hayes Fisher and Mr. Bonar Law both put this view strongly. Mr. Hayes Fisher pressed for the allocation of a sum of money to some responsible body which could discriminate and give special help in special cases. Mr. Bonar Law, who has shown sympathy from the first with the agitation for more liberal provision, said that he had felt positively ashamed to go to recruiting meetings when he realized the great sacrifices to which he was summoning his fellow-citizens.

* * *

IN some respects the most important speeches were those from the Labor members. Mr. Barnes in particular made a valuable contribution to the discussion. He

pressed strongly for an improvement of the pensions of widows, urging that a widow ought to be kept out of the labor market, and that a widow with two children could not support her home on fifteen shillings a week. He favored a reduction of the gratuity on remarriage. The disablement pay he thought insufficient; a man who was incapacitated and had fourteen shillings a week would be a burden to his friends. He also complained very reasonably that, whereas the mother of an officer receives a pension, a soldier's mother has to drift to the workhouse. Finally, whatever was given must be given directly by the State, and not through any charitable society. Mr. Barnes's demand for an adequate pension was supported by Mr. Brace.

* * *

MR. ASQUITH, in reply, was generally sympathetic, but he restated his argument that there were objections to making a soldier's widow independent. (Mr. Bonar Law had put the same view.) "We all have to work, or, at least, we ought all to work in our different spheres and different degrees." Mr. Asquith does not apply it to everybody; otherwise the pensions of officers' widows would be reduced. What he means is that all people in the working classes ought to work for their living. Why? If anybody has earned the right to such power of choice in her mode of life as is conferred by a pension that will maintain her, it is surely the woman who has made the greatest sacrifice that the State can ask, whether the woman's husband was a soldier or an officer. Mr. Asquith then proceeds from this generalization to another. He argues that to give these widows maintenance is to injure the working classes. How? With the argument about wages we have dealt already, and we refer to it again this week in our reply to Mrs. Rackham. As for the effect otherwise, is the Prime Minister a surer guide than Mr. Barnes of the opinion of organized Labor?

* * *

ON Saturday evening, Lord Roberts, who had gone to the front to visit the Indian troops, died at St. Omer within sound of the guns, as a result of a chill. He was alert and indefatigable to the last, in spite of his eighty-two years, and it would be hard to imagine a death more worthy of a great soldier who loved his men. The son of a distinguished Anglo-Indian general of Irish descent, he was born at Cawnpore, and in India his deepest interests were always centred. He went through the Mutiny as a young artillery officer, and won his Victoria Cross. Valuable experience came to him in organizing the transport of the Abyssinian expedition. His fame was made by his three great marches into Afghanistan, and at forty-seven he had received the thanks of Parliament and a baronetcy for exploits which were a combination of brilliant leadership and scientific transport work.

* * *

IN 1885 he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Indian army, a post which he held till 1893. A peerage was the reward of his great work there as an organizer. His achievements in South Africa are fresh in most men's memories—a swift series of victories emphasized by the earlier disasters of other commanders. His official career ended with his retirement in 1903 from the Commandership-in-Chief, and henceforward he devoted himself to the advocacy of compulsory service. No soldier in our day has enjoyed so long a career of unbroken success, and none has been more beloved by his men. To his work in India and at the War Office is undoubtedly due much of the present efficiency of our armies in France. He won victory, and he prepared it. On Thursday, in the presence of the King and a great assembly, he was buried in St. Paul's.

Politics and Affairs.

THE RIGHT OF FAIR CRITICISM.

It is time for the country to express what the "Times" calls the "profound misgiving" which it feels about the Press Censorship. On this question the Government ought to understand that public opinion is against it, and, divining the true interests of the nation better than its governors, calls for a change. It is not, one imagines, in an extreme mood—Englishmen rarely are. Probably it accepts the censorship on two grounds; first, that the institution is an escape from something worse in the shape of mere War Office law, administered by soldier officials; and, secondly, as a reasonable method of tempering the sensational and ill-informed journalism on which it feeds, and of withholding from it information which might really be of service to the enemy. It will take late news or partial news from the Censor's hands; and when it hugs an innocent illusion, like the passage of the Russian soldiers from Archangel, is delighted to find that this grand "secret de Polichinelle" has not got into the Press. But it is by no means content to see the War Office use the censorship as a means of bringing free speech and free writing to an end. In this matter the Government has a special responsibility. It is not a party organ; it stands for the nation. In that regard its first task is to bring the war to a victorious end. That is undisputed: the question is, whether an uncriticized Executive, virtually dispensing with a free Press, is an adequate instrument for achieving it. Is that an extreme statement of the Censor's position? I do not think so. "Criticism of the Government," said Sir Stanley Buckmaster, last week, "or of particular members of the Government, was a thing which he should never stop, *unless the criticism was of such a character that it might destroy public confidence in the Government who had charge of the conduct of the war, or cause distress or alarm to the people by leading them to think that affairs were really in a very serious state.*"

This is the claim, enforced, one has to remark, by the delicate hint that a journalist who disputed it might find himself made a prisoner (under martial law) for life. What does it amount to? A newspaper must not (a) destroy confidence in the Government, or (b) distress or alarm the people by making them think that affairs were in a serious condition. Apply these cases to the existing embargo on serious correspondence at the seat of war, and see how they work out. A perfect state of freedom is, one admits, out of the question. But these conditions make it possible for the censor to stop all effective criticism both of the conduct of the campaign (supposing that it is not uniformly successful) and of the home preparations for sustaining it. Unless the "Globe" is grossly inaccurate, the latter kind of criticism has already been withheld. Sir Stanley Buckmaster admitted that he had cut eleven out of eighty lines from a newspaper article. "These lines," says the "Globe," "dealt solely with matters which have been criticized by the Press and by public speakers for many weeks past, the task of proper provision for the

new Army." But the Censor suppressed them because, in his view, they contained "statements detrimental to ourselves" which might have been circulated abroad. Possibly: it is "detrimental" for Germany to know that all has not gone well with the organization of the camps and the life of their recruits, though the German General Staff might, one thinks, have guessed that our first great military improvisation would not work after the fashion of their own mechanical model. The point is whether it is better to let abuses go on, for fear that Germany should hear of them, till they check recruiting or emasculate the service, or to criticize them (in measure) till they are put right. Here the man in authority is really in danger, for he is apt to confuse what is good for the enemy with what is bad for himself. It is not the business of the governors of England to strive so that only comfortable things shall be spoken to a nation in an hour when its qualities of endurance must be put to a long and exacting test. They must trust it to have stomach for the struggle, and judgment to hear from faithful witnesses when its stress is most urgent.

But there is a still more important test of the value of free criticism even in a war where nothing can be perfectly free. It is a sadly ungenerous thing to stint our soldiers and our regiments of the finest kind of praise and the most elevating kind of story that our best writers could apply to their most admirable deeds of valor and endurance. It is hardly to the point that we are under obligations of silence to the French commanders. In the first place, we have our duty to our own people; and, in the second place, it was not by General Joffre, but by Lord Kitchener, that the final veto was imposed on the very carefully guarded scheme for sending a small body of British correspondents to the front. Under that scheme the correspondents would have been censored by officers on the spot, knowing what might safely be printed and what should be withheld; whereas the serious disclosure of movements which once occurred under the present system was a fruit of the ignorance of the home Censor. But one is not thinking merely of what our soldiers do. It is a still more important matter to guard them from what they may suffer. The winter is on us, and the task of keeping our troops in health and the most moderate kind of comfort will tax all the resources of science and organization. It will be necessary to watch with great care the system of open contracts for clothing on which the War Office thought itself compelled to embark. The "Morning Post" had an article the other day on the application of preventive medicine to the problems of wounds and disease. Hitherto our supply system has, one believes, been finely conducted. The sanitary questions are being thought out by our best bacteriologists, and there is good reason to credit the Government with forethought and energy. But the winter campaign will be a time of great stress. It is not necessary to assume that the Administration will fail, merely because there are bound to be errors and omissions, such as public criticism of the home camps detected, to the great advantage of the nation. But supposing they do break down? The knowledge of such a failure might possibly "destroy

confidence" in this or any other Government, and might "distress" and "alarm" the people. That was the effect of Russell's exposures of the plight of the Crimean Army. Generals and politicians would gladly have expelled him from our camp; but the British people did not lightly hold his service of manly courage. It is the sort of gift that only the higher type of intelligence and public spirit can render his countrymen. But the Government cuts itself off from this source of truth and efficiency when it denies even the most qualified freedom of observation to the ablest military critics of our own time. The average man sees abuses less closely, or if he does see them, shrinks from exposing them. It is the exceptional, the knowledgeable, writer who alone is competent for the task and possesses the moral qualities for discharging it. Thus, in all healthy societies, criticism is at once provocative of clear thought and an aid to its fruit in right action. The writers of a free country have no right to cripple the Executive in time of war; but the Executive have no right to treat it as if it were a pack of children.

Therefore, one hopes that the Government will remember what it owes to the army and to the nation. It has been wonderfully served by both, for they come of the same patient, willing stuff. Broadly speaking, it is true that if the Press is muzzled, the country will here and there be badly served. Let it not be said that a democracy, devoid of faction, and ready for every sacrifice, was forced by its rulers to fight the greatest of its wars in the dark.

H. W. M.

PAYING FOR THE WAR.

It is probable that very few amongst us adequately realized the magnitude of the financial burdens this war entails until they read the Chancellor of the Exchequer's able exposition last Tuesday. Yet even his estimate of four hundred and fifty millions for a full year's cost is not a complete rendering of the account. For it does not take into consideration the considerable net reduction of the national income due to the various interferences with industry and commerce which the war involves. The national income for last year, estimated by Mr. George at two thousand three hundred millions, will certainly be reduced during this year to the extent of some ten to fifteen per cent. For though the amount of actual unemployment is not large, owing to enlistment, and the stimulus rendered to some trades by war expenditure, the statistics of the reduction of industrial employment and of aggregate wages indicate a shrinkage in the current output of wealth of which this percentage is a moderate estimate. This cannot be otherwise, when we bear in mind that it is proposed to remove some two and a-half million adult workers from industrial occupations for the armed services. It will, therefore, be necessary for the nation to find out of this reduced income, in one way or another, the great bulk of the four hundred and fifty millions that are wanted, as well as to make up the deficiency in the yield of former taxes due to interferences with commerce. For it is not likely that at present any very large amount of the loan can

be raised outside this country. Later on, the investors of the United States may assist, either by taking up bonds themselves, or by furnishing a market for foreign securities owned in this country. But it is certain that nearly all this money must be paid either in taxes or in loans out of the available funds in the possession of our people. For what the war expenditure really means is that vast quantities of arms and other goods, food stores, clothing, vehicles, must be provided out of the current output of our industries, assisted by our reduced foreign commerce, to be applied to sustain the armies in the field or in preparation, and to provide for their dependents in this country. It is in the main this same fund which is tapped, whether by taxation or by borrowing.

All the same it is an important question how much should be taken by the one process, and how much by the other. Mr. George reminded us that, in Pitt's great war, taxation rose to such a height as to take more than a quarter of the aggregate current income of a nation vastly inferior to the present nation in resources, and therefore far less capable of bearing so large a proportionate withdrawal of its private funds. Fortunately, such an intensity of sacrifice is unnecessary to meet the requirements of this war, heavy though they are. For it is possible to spread the process of taxation over a considerable number of years, and so to make its actual incidence much lighter than if we attempted to cover the whole or the greater part of the cost out of current national income. Mr. George's proposal to raise eighteen and a-quarter millions additional taxes during the remainder of this financial year, and sixty-five and a half next year, furnishes, indeed, no very large contribution to the total cost of the war during that period. In some quarters there is a disposition to think that taxation should have been made to contribute more. Why, it has been asked, should not death duties have been increased, with a special exemption in the case of the estates of officers, and why should not the luxuries of the well-to-do have been made to contribute? With regard to the former suggestion, we hold that sound financial policy dictates that income-tax and death duties should move up or down together, though not necessarily at the same pace, and that a considerable addition should have been made for war purposes to the State's share in inherited estates. The question of taxing luxuries or of a widening of indirect taxation in general, is less one of principle than of expediency. To set up for merely temporary use an elaborate machinery of new taxation, which after all could only yield a small net contribution to our huge requirements, would be an unwise policy. We are also glad to know that, after consideration, the proposal to place direct taxation upon wages was rejected. The natural desire that all sections of the community should be made to feel that they are direct participants in the expense of war cannot over-ride the principles of sane national economy. The wage of a large section of our working population cannot bear any direct deductions whatever without damage to their physical and economic efficiency. This consideration should be paramount. If it is replied that even the poorest grades of workers spend some of

their money upon unnecessary or luxuries, then it is far more legitimate to put a tax on these specific articles of expenditure than to make a direct deduction from wages.

This is what, in fact, Mr. George has decided to do. The contribution of the workers is to take the shape of a heightened price and a reduced consumption of beer and tea. Whether the latter is rightly described as a luxury may be disputed; but, in spite of Mr. George's parenthetical reference to its "fighting value," tea, in the quantities habitually consumed, probably contributes nothing to the health and efficiency of the people. On the beer question, it seems to us the trade has been treated with much tenderness. The halfpenny, which it is estimated will be added to the price the consumer pays for his half-pint, would furnish a tax of 24s. a barrel. Yet the actual tax the brewer has to pay will only be 17s. 3d. We see no ground for allowing a margin which will leave the brewer this large profit on the tax.

Upon the great War Loan we have only this to say, that it is a legitimate and necessary means of easing the total burden of taxation which war expenditure involves. It is not really a substitute for taxation, or an evasion of it. It is merely a better distribution over time. For both the interest on the loan and the sinking fund for its repayment will be provided out of annual taxation. That taxation, somewhat enlarged in its aggregate amount, will be felt less, because spread over a number of years when normal conditions of prospering industry will enable it to be borne without great pressure. The notion that wealthy people with large bank balances will actually make money out of the war by lending sums at high interest to the Government, instead of having these same balances commandeered under the name of immediate taxation, is based upon an insufficient apprehension of the modern tendencies of taxation. Provided that the future taxation levied to pay the interest to the Sinking Fund for the redemption of the loan is properly adjusted, so as to fall upon the classes with "ability to pay," it is a sounder policy to spread this taxation over a term of years by means of a war loan than to attempt to raise an unnecessarily large proportion during the actual period of war, when industry is otherwise disorganized, and when an undue enhancement of taxation must injuriously affect employment and wages. The balance between present and future provision adopted by the Government seems to us admirably devised.

AN ARAB CALIPHATE?

THE Kaiser has congratulated the Crown Prince because the Sultan of Turkey has proclaimed a "Holy War" against the Allies. This act marks a stage in the evolution of the Young Turks which is best noted, without an attempt to find the fitting adjective for it. To measure its significance, we need only recall what happened during the Balkan War. Turkey was in dire peril. She had lost all but a fragment of her European territory, and the victorious Bulgars were actually at Tchataldja. The Turkish armies were dejected, demoralized, and disorganized. Some hodjas were sent out to the lines where

the beaten troops were facing cholera and the human foe, and the suggestion was made that these holy men should stir the embers of patriotic fury by preaching a "jihad." What they preached we do not know, but, officially, the suggestion was rejected. The Caliph, and the Sheikh-ul-Islam did not declare a holy war. The war was fought out as a secular struggle, and the Young Turks remembered that they were men of a certain European "culture," who had sat at the feet of Comte. It is otherwise to-day. Turkey was neither threatened nor invaded. She has gone into the field by her own choice. If she has none the less declared a "Holy War," it must be at German instigation. Doubtless, we have invoked the aid of the Japanese, and used auxiliaries from India and North Africa. But loyalty to European "culture" should at least have kept the war on a secular plane. A Christian Power which deliberately raises the moribund spirit of Moslem fanaticism against rival Christian Powers is a traitor to civilization. German statesmen may do this thing with seeming impunity because they have few Moslem subjects of their own. What is it to them if the lives of lonely Europeans in distant Moslem countries are endangered? But a stroke of this kind is apt to recoil, and, unless we are much mistaken, the Turks have staked on the issue of this war their spiritual leadership in Islam.

A school of romantic alarmists has always been disturbed by the possibilities of Pan-Islamism. To our thinking, they were negligible. In the days of Abdul Hamid the prestige of the Caliphate stood low, and with the rise to power of the Young Turks, theocratic ideas were discarded as so much medieval lumber. The real Pan-Islamism was a Liberal movement, modernist and enlightened, which underlay much that was good and hopeful in the politics of Turkey, Persia, and Egypt. The Moslem world has, indeed, made more progress in the last ten years than any other part of mankind. But there have always been latent dangers in the idea of the Caliphate. It is an ultramontanist which raises in theory the same problem of divided allegiance that used to trouble our forefathers about the Papacy. We always knew that the day might come when Moslems in India, Egypt, Algeria, and Turkestan might have to choose between their civil duty to a secular sovereign, and their religious allegiance to the Caliph. The conflict of loyalty never came in fact, and most of us regarded it as nothing worse than an academical danger. It has come at last, and come because the Germans have captured for their own uses the spiritual terrors of the Caliphate. Even to-day we doubt whether the Germans will gain anything from their Holy War. It will not affect us in India, and, at the worst, it may cause some heart-searching to pious but prudent Moslems in Egypt. It is just serious enough to make us ask ourselves whether, if a convenient opportunity arose, we should not welcome any event which made an end of the Turkish Caliphate. An independent Caliph might be formidable, but the world had to make the best of him, so long as he acted under the inspiration of Moslem doctrine and Moslem interests. But a Caliph who has become the tool of German policy in the game of European statecraft is no longer sacrosanct.

It happens that the Caliphate is a peculiarly vulnerable institution. There always have been Moslem doctors who questioned the claims of the Sultan of Turkey because he is not a descendant of the sacred clan of the Koreish, and won the succession from a weak Egyptian dynasty by right of conquest. That, however, was never more than a theoretical objection. The function and definition of the Caliph is that he must guard the Holy Places of Arabia and provide for the security of the pilgrims who journey to Mecca. This the House of Othoman has always done, and while it continues to perform this duty its tenure of the Caliphate is secure. It has often seemed to be questionable whether Turkey could retain possession of Constantinople. In point of fact, the possession of Arabia is far more vital to the prestige of the Ottoman Empire than its hold upon the Straits. It might lose Stamboul, and remain the first Power in the Moslem world. If it lost Arabia, it would lose all claim to the veneration and obedience of Moslems beyond its borders. The idea that this might be a salutary thing to bring about has haunted the imagination of some schools of Anglo-Indian officials for more than a generation. It may explain the rather intimate relations which we have always kept up, for no other obvious reason, with some semi-independent Arab chiefs. Friends of Islam, like Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, have advocated it. To-day there are signs that it is among the possibilities of this shattering war. An oddly worded official communication has declared this week that we shall not pursue military operations in Arabia, save for the purpose of assisting the Arabs to free themselves from Turkish oppression. If any Arab chief (and most of them claim to be of the lineage of the prophet), one of the inveterate rebels of the Yemen, for example, should manage with some aid from us, to make himself master of the Holy Places, the problem of the Caliphate would be solved. The Caliph is not a Pope elected by a conclave nor a Lama sanctified from birth. He is the Moslem chief who holds the roads to Mecca. If the Sultan's armies cannot do this for him, he has ceased automatically to be Caliph. In this ugly modern world he remains Caliph chiefly because German engineers have built him a railway to the sacred places. It remains to be seen what would happen if the Bedouin should cut that railway. The military problem is not the easiest in the world, and for the present it is unlikely that the Allies will have their hands free to attend to it. It is enough to realize that there is more at stake in the Red Sea and on the Arabian coasts than a guerilla war of annoyance, more even than the defence of the Suez Canal.

There is something to appeal to the romantic imagination in the notion of a military stroke which would alter at one blow the spiritual allegiance of millions of men. History has set the Constable de Bourbon and Napoleon among the Titans who scaled the ramparts of Olympus. But there is a French proverb which warns us, *Qui mange du Pape en meurt*. A diet of Caliph might turn out to be no more wholesome. It is true that the Caliph has himself thrown down the gauntlet. It is true also that all three Allies have a great interest in securing a friendly Caliph. It might turn out that to assist a rebellion in Arabia would be the easiest way to attain this

end. But it is necessary to walk with circumspection. Three questions occur to us. In the first place, when the Moslem world realizes, as much of it does already and as all of it will eventually, that the Moslem Caliph has become the tool of the Christian Kaiser, how much of the moral authority and prestige of the Caliphate will be left to it? On the plane of cool calculation it might suit us as well, or even better, to have a negligible, despised Caliphate which was hostile, than to be at the pains of supporting a new one. In the second place, what would be the effect upon pious Moslems of the knowledge that Christian Powers were, in effect, struggling among themselves over an issue that ought to concern Moslems alone? The result might well be to defeat any possible gain to us from a change. Conservative instincts would tend to rally to the old Caliph, and the very fact of such a struggle would be resented. Finally, if all went well, how much authority would belong to a friendly Caliph who was known to have won his office only because Christian armies defeated his predecessor? In either event, it seems to us the moral power of the Caliphate is gone. We risk little by tolerating a Turkish, and can gain little by supporting an Arab, Caliph. The Germans have themselves destroyed the office by degrading it to a tool of their policy, and we could not restore it by making it an instrument of our own.

MR. SHAW'S CRITICISM OF THE WAR.

MR. BERNARD SHAW'S "Common Sense About the War" is, it must be admitted, marred by too many of his defects as a political writer. He lets himself be carried away by the flow of his quick mind in every sentence that he writes, and does not greatly care how often he appears as his own critic. Hence it is easy to construct a page full of contradictions, and, by pitting one against the other, to reduce the pamphlet to a nullity. In fact, out of two type-written copies of the present manifesto, two separate editors could have produced two tracts of equal force and authority, one against war, militarism, and treaty-breaking, and the other in favor of all three, and it would be possible, though not quite fair, to say that Mr. Shaw has produced a piece of eloquent inconsistency which will be of equal service to Germany as to Britain, and to British militarists as to pacifists and Socialists.

What is the use, for example, of recommending a solemn pledge on the part of Britain, Germany, and France to maintain the peace of Western Europe for the future when within the same covers all treaties are declared to be scraps of paper which fill the "waste paper baskets of the Foreign Offices," "and a very good thing too"? How are we to begin with the establishment of good faith between nations, which in one place is rightly declared to be essential to peace, if we are to be disabled from action by being reminded that there were some other breaches of treaty over which we did not go to war? If "all treaties are valid only *rebus sic stantibus*," what becomes of a solemn pledge of peace made when the

parties are exhausted by war, as soon as one of them becomes ready for war again? Things no longer stand as they did, the warlike Power will say. And, behold, we have Mr. Shaw's authority for chucking the bond into the waste paper basket. It belongs not to the "common sense" side of the manifesto to suggest that Britain ought not to go to war in concert with other Powers for Belgium because she did not go to war single-handed for Bosnia against Austria, whom she could not possibly have attacked with the smallest effect. Even were it otherwise, to urge that you should not do a right thing to-day because you did a wrong thing some years ago, is neither morals nor sense, unless, indeed, it be regarded as an ingenious diabolist device for keeping humanity permanently down to the lowest of its own standards. What, again, is to be made of a sermon against militarism which pleads for more armaments and takes credit for prescience in foreseeing its necessity, which, in the face of this crushing experience reiterates the old platitudes of the necessity of possessing force in order to secure peace, and which finally complains of our diplomacy that it was not militant enough? For while in one breath laboring to prove that Britain wanted war as much as Germany, on his other tack, Mr. Shaw complains that we did not from the first threaten Germany with war. The overt threat was the way to keep the peace, he proclaims, and we may imagine the plaudits of the militants. We can imagine, too, what a case Mr. Shaw would have made against our country if we had done anything of the kind.

So, again, Mr. Shaw is all for the rescue of Belgium. But he does not pity little States, because, if not aggressive, like Montenegro, they are "standing temptations to big Powers, like Bosnia and Herzegovina," which, in cold historic fact, never were little States at all. So, too, Naboth was a bad man to keep a vineyard to tempt poor Ahab and injure his conscience; and the little freeholder a hundred years ago was a mean fellow to induce the great landlord to make enclosures. Lastly, it is a good thing to protest against mendacious exaggeration of German atrocities, but it is not a good thing to palliate them by saying that everybody does the like. That is not the way to repress retaliation. True, very bad things have been done in warfare against uncivilized peoples, and not against uncivilized peoples alone. Diabolism takes these atrocities as the standard. It says to British or French soldiers: "You have once in former days done ill. Therefore never pretend that you can be better men. Do not get indignant at the still worse things that the Germans are doing, for when you are in Germany you will do the same." This is quite an intelligible line of argument for a man who wants to see Nuremberg treated like Louvain, German burgomasters hanged on account of a pistol-shot fired by some injured husband within five miles of them, and civilians shot down in rows, three for each bullet. But it is quite clear that Mr. Shaw does not want these things. He wants just the opposite. He wants to prevent the Allies doing to the Germans as the Germans have done to them, and his method of persuading them is to tell them that they have always done what the Ger-

mans are doing and that such things are inevitable in war.

But notwithstanding the injustice which Mr. Shaw's style sometimes does to Mr. Shaw's self, his pamphlet carries an appeal which deserves the wide publicity it has attained. He gets between the joints of the harness of our home-grown militarism where a more deliberate fencer would fail. At bottom, we take it, his defence against all the criticisms which irritation with his methods has provoked is that his function in this jumble of a world is to prick complacency, and that if he can do this, he will have achieved the feat, when all is said, of making numbers of English people realize that militarism is as great a danger here as elsewhere; that we may conquer Germany in the field only at the cost of being conquered by German methods and principles; that one side in this encounter is not all black, nor the other all white; that war, glorious to the man in the trenches, is ignoble in the vicarious patriotism of the non-combatant who sends him there; that retaliation settles nothing; that neither Germany or any other nation can be "destroyed"; that much talk of war against militarism is cant; and that the only enduring peace must be founded on forbearance and mutual respect. These are real services, and we do not know anybody in the country who can render them as well as Mr. Shaw.

RAILWAYS AGAINST NUMBERS.

EFFICIENCY in war is inseparable from efficiency in peace. Where other things are equal, the nation which has the better civil organization will possess an immense advantage over the nation whose structure in peace is slovenly and primitive. German "militarism" is the phrase that has been in all our mouths since this war began, but it is not so much her militarism as her admirable industrial system, with all it implies in roads and railways and the habit of co-ordinated action, which has won for Germany the two successes that she has so far achieved over Russia in this war. The experts and the correspondents have been entertaining us with racy pictures of the material realities of a Polish campaign—the dearth of railways, the dearth of roads, and the execrable quality of these same roads, of which few are metalled. We were invited to congratulate ourselves on the plight of the German armies, which were defeated in their advance on Warsaw as much by the undeveloped civilization of the country they invaded as by the numbers and valor of the Russians. To-day we have to realize that it is our allies who are handicapped by their own primitive peace organization. The Germans have had indeed to retreat, but they have retreated on their own well-organized resources, and they have found that system has given them a power of rapid concentration which, for the moment, has more than balanced the Russian superiority in numbers. Thanks mainly to their close network of railways, which run north and south as well as east and west, the Germans have been able to assemble superior forces at the great fortress of Thorn. Some must have come north behind the frontier after their retreat through Poland. Others were doubt-

less collected from the dépôts in the interior. The cavalry was reinforced from Belgium. In a few days an army was gathered by rail which outnumbered the Russians in this northern area, who had marched on foot. This would have mattered little if the Russians could have been similarly reinforced. But no railway runs north and south in Russian Poland. On the right bank of the Vistula there is no railway at all. On the left bank there is one line which is probably still unworkable as the result of German devastation. The consequence has been a more or less serious check to the Russian advance. The Russian van, which was advancing down the Vistula on Thorn, has been thrown back some forty miles.

This defeat round Kutno is not a mishap to be taken over seriously. The Russian numbers will tell in the end, and we may hear to-day or to-morrow that General von Hindenburg's enterprise has cost him dear. The Russian flood will roll on. But the deficiency of the material civilization behind it must needs make it slow in pursuit, and expose it periodically to such checks as von Hindenburg has administered this week. The only possible strategy for a capable commander in von Hindenburg's situation is to imitate the policy which Napoleon put into practice again and again when he found himself opposed to an inert but superior enemy. He must take the opposing armies singly and beat them in detail. Napoleon's superior activity, above all in the campaign of 1814, in Champagne, was simply a matter of skill and resolution. He struck while Blücher fumbled. The Russians are by no means inert in that sense. Von Hindenburg's advantage is not in will-power, or even in hard marching. It resides solely in his good utilization of better communications. This method has already produced one brilliant example at Tannenberg. It seems very doubtful whether the second essay at Kutno will yield equally decisive results. It may conceivably end in a heavy German defeat, if the Russian reserves can come up in time to punish the German sally from Thorn. In that event it would expose the whole German line to the most serious risks. Let us take the more favorable hypothesis. Let us suppose that the Russians have reserves enough at call to defeat von Hindenburg beyond Kutno, and cavalry enough to embarrass his retreat. They would then have won liberty for their simultaneous advance elsewhere, and might rush at the depleted German lines, either in the centre about Kalish or in the South, between Cracow and Czeszochowa. It is futile to speculate further. The strategy by which an inferior force produces a momentary local superiority by rapid concentration may yield brilliant results, once and twice, or even thrice. But there is bound to come a moment when the Russians, however slow their advance, and however defective the communications in the rear, can produce a crushing superiority at each front, taken singly against any German combination that is possible, without a shortening and weakening of the battle-line in the west.

Of the campaign in the west there is little or nothing new to say. We must suppose that General Joffre has made up his mind to allow this weary and murderous battle of entrenchments to continue for some time longer. The cost to both sides is terrific, but unless

we gravely deceive ourselves, it is much heavier to the Germans than to the Allies. To them, everywhere, is left the offensive, and though they reveal fresh resources in men, whose youth and imperfect training does not seem to detract much from their efficiency in attack, though they show no lack of ardor in the constant renewal of assaults which bring them no perceptible gain, the element of time is against them. They have called up their untrained reserves more rapidly than the Allies, and thrown them away more recklessly. The calculation of the Allied Staff must be that by waiting with an infinite patience now, the moment will eventually come when the arrival at both fronts of the fresh British and Russian contingents will make an offensive possible in such overwhelming numbers, that the cost to us in life will be relatively less than we should suffer by a premature offensive.

The calculation is not at all easy to work out with any certainty. We have to remember that if the younger German levies are untrained to-day, they will be hardened veterans when they confront "Kitchener's Army" in the spring. It is also consonant with all we know of German habits, to suppose that the Staff is preparing to-day as carefully for a possible retreat as for an advance which begins to fade from its hopes. We have experienced on the Aisne what the Germans can effect in carefully prepared defensive lines. It is only reasonable to suppose that such lines as these await the Allies, not in Belgium only but in Silesia and on the Rhine. The choice of the line of least resistance for an advance, when at length that becomes possible in the west, will be, perhaps, the most fateful decision that has to be taken in all this campaign. Humanity suggests the earliest possible restoration of Belgium to its own citizens. The passion to secure Alsace and Lorraine would indicate an offensive in that direction as the most tempting adventure to the French. The decision will, however, be governed, in the first place, by a calculation of the relative difficulty of the obstacles which either line presents. Will it be easier to walk over a Belgium, mined, entrenched, and covered with improvised defences, or to face the great forts of Metz and Strasburg? We do not pretend to guess how that question will be answered. There is this to be said for the Belgian route, that it leads directly into the industrial area of Westphalia, and that a Germany deprived of its chief resources of manufacture and metallurgy, and, above all, of the Krupp Works at Essen, would be crippled far more fatally than by the capture of Berlin. On the Russian front, there is much to be said for an advance into industrial Silesia. On the other hand, the occupation of East Prussia would strike more directly at the very seat of the governing caste. But as yet these problems lie in the future. We know by the experience of recent weeks, how far we still are in the West from the thought of any large advance. We have learned also that the Russian tide, however irresistible and majestic its final advance may be, is subject to eddies and to temporary ebbs. The distraction of the Turkish war has also thrown back the end by some weeks. We can hardly expect the fatal and irresistible aggressive before early spring.

A London Diary.

I THINK it may now be said with confidence that the line of the Allies in Belgium and France is impregnable to any attacks that can be brought against it.

ALL who have seen them of late are impressed by the way in which Ministers are bearing the strain of the war. Sir Edward Grey is looking careworn, but that might well be due to sheer overwork; for the neutral States concede none of their own peace to the British Foreign Office. If you want a tonic in these times, so they are saying at the House, the thing to do is to go and have a look at the Prime Minister. Unquestionably, Mr. Asquith is carrying his burden with great courage; with a steady, massive, self-reliant, and unswerving confidence which is in itself a moral asset of no slight value. Despite a good deal of criticism, Mr. Churchill's magnetic power is unimpaired. Of the bold and sanguine temper in which Mr. Lloyd George has approached the task of financing the war, one need say no more than that it has almost been equalled by the spirit in which his proposals have been received. Notwithstanding the tragic issues of the hour, I have rarely seen the House in a more responsive, not to say more cheerful, mood, than when it was being asked to sanction the doubling of the income-tax.

HERE is an interesting indication of the way in which Germany's relations to various commercial centres have depreciated since the war began. On July 23rd, the German exchanges were practically at par everywhere. The depreciation by November 7th was as follows:—

Holland	9 per cent.
Switzerland	7½ per cent.
Italy	5 per cent.
New York	7½ per cent.
Scandinavian Countries, about	5 per cent.

As for German trade, it seems to show a very slight response to the Government's great effort to stimulate it. The Government have left no stone unturned to get from the neutral States some relief for the dearth of food supplies and raw material, and the first weeks of October show a slight increase of imports. To meet the serious rise in food prices, and the shortage in the wheat and barley crops, the Government have fixed minimum prices, which have slightly reduced the charges on wheat, rye, and barley. But even then the prices of wheat in the Berlin market have risen since the war began from 204 M. to 260 M., of rye from 171 M. to 220 M., and of barley from 61 M. to 210 M. Neither rye nor wheat may be used for fodder; only mixed bread may be baked, and wheat bread must contain at least 10 per cent. of rye, and rye bread at least 5 per cent. of potato meal.

THERE is a little improvement in the figures of unemployment, but they still stand at 54 per cent. for china workers; 49·7 per cent. for glass workers; and 41·2 for printers; while thirty-four trade unions, with a membership of 1,269,373,

report that 21·3 per cent. of their members are out of work. Distress, too, has increased among the middle classes as well as among the manual workers. Nor does the constant drain of the armies bring about a proportional fall in unemployment. On October 3rd, the great Metal Workers' Union, which at the end of July had a membership of 533,814, had 162,181 men called up as soldiers, and yet had to acknowledge an unemployed list of 45,335. In one great moral factor, however, no one reports a serious change. The people's confidence in the triumph of German arms is still unshaken. But not that of the financial and commercial magnates.

It is here where the first break in German self-confidence is bound to occur. New Germany has given hostages to fortune. She has enormous commercial interests, and they are melting away before her eyes. Why should their grand directors see them sacrificed to military pride and error? In fact, this conflict has already appeared. "The General Staff has deceived us," say members of this class, with no great reserve. "They told us that they could crush France and hold Russia, while it mattered little whether England intervened or no. We know now that neither of these things can happen, and that though we may not be badly beaten, we cannot win. Peace we must have, for the sake of our trade, and for the sake of social order—of course, on tolerable terms. As for the Kaiser, he must be told that he, like us, has been deceived. And, being a sensible man, not averse from keeping his crown on his head, he will listen. Not to-day, perhaps, but to-morrow."

ONE of the cruellest things done by the Germans in Belgium has not, I think, reached the press. I was told it by a refugee from Bruges. The director of the chief school in the town received a hurried visit from the head of the similar school in Louvain, then in the occupation of the Germans. "Shut your school at once," he said, "and send your boys away, or the Germans will take them as they have taken my elder boys to Germany." The school was shut, and my informant hurried away with his two sons in a flight shared by hundreds of fathers and mothers, fearful of their children being torn from their homes, and hurried off to imprisonment or forced labor in an alien land.

MR. SHAW's excursus on the war is, I suppose, the work of an intellect which can hold itself aloof from things ("mortalia") and fixed to argument. As such it is in sharp contrast to the cry of the heart that comes from M. Rolland in the "Journal de Genève," and is excellently translated in the "Cambridge Magazine." Better than anything written about the war, it expresses that despair at the ruin of pre-war faiths, hopes, charities, that now and again surges up and over all one's patriotic aspirations. Here is a characteristic passage:—

"An epidemic of homicidal fury, which started in Tokio ten years ago, has spread like a wave and overflowed the whole world. None has escaped its contagion; no high thought has succeeded in keeping out of the reach of this scourge. A sort of demoniacal irony broods over this conflict of the nations, from which, whatever

its result, only a mutilated Europe can issue. For it is not racial passion alone which is hurling millions of men blindly one against another, so that not even neutral countries remain free of the dangerous thrill, but all the forces of the spirit, of reason, of faith, of poetry, and of science, all have placed themselves at the disposal of the armies in every State. There is not one amongst the leaders of thought in each country who does not proclaim with conviction that the cause of his people is the cause of God, the cause of liberty, and of human progress. And I, too, proclaim it."

A CORRESPONDENT writes me:—

"What strikes one most about the Belgians is their gaiety. In Brussels they amuse themselves by posting up on the walls maps of Belgium, on which is written: 'Fermé pour d'agrandissements.'"

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE LITTLE FIELD-MARSHAL.

THE death of Lord Roberts does not merely close a chapter in the history of the British Army; it closes three volumes. The little soldier who, erect in body and alert in mind as ever, was visiting our Head Quarters in this enormous war last week, was an officer at Peshawar six years before the Mutiny broke out. He had known and served under nearly all the heroic figures of that almost mythical age—the Lawrences, Havelock, Neville Chamberlain, Herbert Edwardes, and Colin Campbell. In John Nicholson he had found a model for himself—the man, as he wrote, "who impressed him more profoundly than any man he had ever met before or ever met since." It was Roberts who hoisted the flag on the Moti Mahal as a signal to Outram in Lucknow that the relief was coming, and it was in the almost forgotten engagement at Khudaganj that he won his Victoria Cross.

The opening of the next volume in our Army's history found him in command of the small forces which restored the situation in Afghanistan after the massacre of Cavagnari and his mission in Kabul. On July 19th, 1879, he had taken leave of the envoy near the summit of the Shutar garden. Both knew the danger, and were full of justified apprehension. We read "no sign of anxiety or despondency marred that parting, yet after the farewell had been said, by a sudden impulse, Roberts and Cavagnari turned back to grasp once more each other's hand, and in that warm pressure Cavagnari may have recognized the echo of his own forebodings." It was the same hand which last week answered the salute of the Indian troops in Northern France.

The subsequent advance to Kabul (his most perilous and finest achievement), the march "in the air" from Kabul to Kandahar, the relief of that city, and the overthrow of an Afghan army triumphant after the destruction of Burrows's brigade at Maiwand raised Sir Frederick Roberts to a symbol of British heroism. Gordon and Wolseley were great names. Kitchener then won his iron reputation. But the heart of the Army and the people preserved the figure of Roberts as the typical Happy Warrior for the next twenty years. His was the kind of nature taken as an example by all that was best during the Kipling period of the country's spirit. The early disasters and sobering realities of the South African War ended that self-exultant period, but from that tragedy of errors the fame of Lord Roberts emerged with a brightness only more steady and more hardly won. When the present writer saw him unroll the little silk flag which he had brought up on his saddle and order it to be

hoisted above the Government Buildings in Pretoria, he knew that another volume in the history of the British army and a brilliant career was drawing to a close. He could not foretell that twelve years later he would see Lord Roberts for the last time, and that the aged Field Marshal would then be examining in the War Office quadrangle the first captured German gun brought to England in the most terrible of history's wars.

Roberts was always at heart a gunner, and in his favorite arm he lived to witness the most terrific of these developments among all death-dealing implements by land or sea. In his youth the ordinary gun was the sort of thing that still adorns the squares and museums of country towns and bears the inscription "captured at Sebastopol"—a smooth-bore cannon, throwing a bouncing round-shot, and capable of battering a wall at 500 or 600 yards. He lived through the age when artillery was thought useful for "moral effect," but little else. He lived to see four big guns almost shatter our hold upon Natal, and a few big naval guns alone maintain it. He lived to see guns upon the field flinging huge explosive shells 12,000 yards day after day, and machine-guns that mow down men as a reaping machine mows the harvest. And he died within sound of the guns along that terrible line of battle where for weeks together the thunder of artillery never stops by day or night, where it is shrapnel that checks the rush of continuous reinforcements, and the "Black Marias" dig graves big enough to bury all they kill. In other arms besides, how astonishingly has science improved the instruments of death! The new rifle and the submarine are different weapons from the Brown Bess and the frigate of the Mutiny, even though the frigate was partly propelled by steam. To all such changes from decade to decade Lord Roberts adapted an alert and advancing mind, and over his funeral service in France the aeroplanes of war dipped in salute like swooping eagles.

When, in January, 1904, he ceased to be Commander-in-Chief because the office was abolished, King Edward wrote that "for fifty years he had performed every duty entrusted to him with unswerving zeal and unflinching success." Certainly, unflinching success was one of his characteristics. He was accompanied by a certain felicity such as Sulla and Cæsar claimed from the stars, and such as Napoleon recognized as an attribute of great generals. Even in his errors he was felicitous, and he converted the breach of all military laws into triumphs. His march to Kabul, ending in the victory of Charasiab, was an instance. His object was to avenge the dead, not to relieve the living, so that there was less need of haste. Yet he cut himself off from his base. He advanced his force with so little transport that the two brigades had to move on alternate days, the animals being sent back to bring up the one behind, and his few troops were never united for attack or defence, though the country was difficult and swarmed with enemies. "To lose one's line of operations," said Napoleon, "is a movement so dangerous that to be guilty of it is a crime." Yet the crime resulted in victory and the occupation of Kabul. In describing the result, Lord Roberts's sternest critic, the late Colonel Hanna, was obliged to write in his "Second Afghan War":—

"It is questionable whether that fight (Charasiab) would have proved a victory, if these officers (Baker and White, afterwards Sir George), and not only they, but every man under their orders, had not felt the inspiring influence of their commander's indomitable courage and unshakable confidence in himself and them."

The same great qualities ensured his felicity in the march from Kabul to Kandahar, a far less dangerous and

skilful movement, but almost equally at variance with the first principles of strategy. Again, in the great movement to the right from the Modder to Bloemfontein, he broke the law which forbids a flank march before the enemy's front (the same law, the breach of which nearly ruined General von Kluck's army near Paris), and he attempted the difficult and notoriously dangerous experiment of changing his lines of communication while on the march. Yet, out of both these perilous errors he won success, being supported by that curious felicity which, in reality, arises from justified self-confidence and a true judgment of the enemy's disposition.

If in his men he felt an unshakable confidence, he enjoyed an even finer reciprocated confidence from them. Other generals may have been equally admired by their soldiers, but we doubt if any in the history of war has been so beloved. In all his dealings he possessed that quality of "charm" which can hardly be analyzed. It was made up, we suppose, of an imaginative sympathy, an entire freedom from the aloofness or swagger of the commonplace official, and of an inborn kindliness, almost a tenderness of heart; sincerity and courage standing, of course, as the necessary basis of it all. When we speak of his kindliness of heart, we do not forget the charges laid against him for his treatment of the enemy in moments of crisis both at Kabul and in South Africa. "We have been too cruel, yet we have not made the Afghans acknowledge our supremacy," wrote Colonel Charles Macgregor, one of his Staff, who used to count it a day gained when he had saved half-a-dozen Afghans from execution. And though the Yellow Press raised its howl against the "clemency" of Roberts during the Boer War, and was perpetually inciting him to reprisals upon the helpless, it must be admitted that he was still in command when the system of farm-burning began. We remember both charges, and yet all who have ever served under him know that imaginative sympathy and an inborn kindliness of disposition were among the secrets of his extraordinary influence over British and Indian soldiers alike. To him the soldier always remained a human being like himself. In the preface which he is supposed to have written to the manual on "Infantry Training," we read, "The men are not to be allowed to degenerate into mere machines." Whether they make great generals or not, Englishmen have a fine capacity as captains, and, owing to his human sympathy, it was a capacity which Roberts united to generalship.

He loved the army as the army loved him. In the army his very simple and straightforward nature found its proper sphere. He could never understand why anyone should need compulsion or object to compulsion where a service which to himself had always been so natural and delightful was concerned. He enjoyed the simplicity both of command and of obedience. About all military life there is an attractive directness and freedom from hesitation. Every man must be in his place, and know what he has to do next. It is a position very acceptable to an orderly, frank, and unreflective mind. But beyond all the real pleasure which simplicity finds in careful routine and willing obedience, the service brings with it from time to time those supreme moments when resolution and the exercise of the highest functions of the soul provide man's nature with its highest happiness. After all, it is a soldier of whom the poet writes:—

"But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a Lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired."

Such was Lord Roberts through a life whose activity began before the Mutiny and continued till last week—a life abstemious, as he once said, for this very purpose of activity. "He has passed away in the midst of the troops he loved so well, and within the sound of the guns." For the high-hearted and deeply beloved gunner no epitaph can be more fitting than the sentence written by his distinguished successor with the British Army in the field.

WHAT THE ARMY MAY BECOME.

Mr. ASQUITH mentioned, on Monday, in the House of Commons, that Sir John French had promoted four hundred and forty men to be commissioned officers in the first three months of the war. If this rate continues, the army at the end of the war will be very different from the army at the beginning. Hitherto it could be said that promotion existed in the British army, but that is about all that could be said for it. Under one *régime* the number is higher by ten a year than under another. The promoted officer is so scarce that he finds himself in a strange and isolated atmosphere, and it cannot be pretended that he has any considerable influence in modifying the social spirit of his surroundings.

No modern war is likely to provide such openings for ability and courage in the non-commissioned ranks as the great war that occupied the energies of revolutionary France for twenty years. Nine of Napoleon's marshals had served in the ranks—Bernadotte, Lefebvre, Masséna, Murat, Victor, Jourdan, Oudinot, Soult, and Ney. That splendid record is not likely to be beaten. But this war, though we may well hope that it will not last as many months as that war lasted years, must have important consequences for our army. In every rank the army is receiving a new character. Hitherto our army, outside the commissioned ranks, has consisted mainly of a section of the working population which was scarcely representative. In war it has acquitted itself with the greatest credit. Even in the dark and degrading days through which our working-class society passed in the stern struggle with France, the private soldier, taken as he was from prison or trapped by a crimp, owing as little as any man can to his country, fought with indomitable courage on the battlefield. But at the time when the soldiers were winning the battles that take so famous a place in our history, it was regarded as a dreadful fate to become a soldier. Fox and Windham used to contrast the estimation in this respect of the army and the navy; not that life in the fleet was a joke, as Mr. Masfield's readers are aware. Partly as Cobbett's pages show, the atmosphere of the army, with its incessant cruelties, its spectacle of settled and impregnable injustice, seemed to exhibit at its harshest the spirit of government and society towards the poor.

This tradition hung about the army for generations, and the ranks have been filled in the main by three forces; the spirit of adventure, poor prospects elsewhere, and hereditary or racial associations. During the last ten years the standard of education has been appreciably raised, but at no time has the common soldier represented the experience, the knowledge, and the training of the artizan population. The inducements the army offered were not strong enough to attract the normal working man; the taste for discipline is not universal, the life of the army presents drawbacks, and the fate of ex-soldiers was for long a standing deterrent.

Similarly with the officers. The aristocracy, with great exploits to its credit in war, has had more than its share of the profession of war, and there is no department of our national life in which our essential conser-

vatism has been more persistent. Our army does not resemble the German army in its social exclusiveness, for a Bond Street merchant can put his son into a crack regiment; but the standard of life makes the commissioned ranks for all practical purposes the monopoly of the propertied classes. Nobody would say, for example, that the army is as representative as the Civil Service of the directing and administrative classes of society. It is partly a matter of money. The number of well-educated men who can afford to adopt a profession which will not maintain them for some years is very limited. Just as the Foreign Office draws from a much smaller field than the Treasury, so the army draws from a much smaller field than the Civil Service or the civilian professions. It is partly a matter of temperament and taste. The well-educated man wants to use his brains on something, and in spite of modern improvements it is still true that the life of the army does not give much encouragement to this ambition.

Our regular army is thus in a sense a special institution. It is an admirable fighting machine, and the whole world is admiring not only the leadership of its generals, the care and affection with which officers as a rule treat their men, but the invincible spirit alike of officers and men. German observers, fed on Treitschke's delusions, are at a loss to explain a phenomenon which would surprise them less if their reading of history had been more impartial, and they are now driven to conclude that the soldiers from Southwark or Cork have learnt their prowess when following the hounds or stalking the deer. Into this organization we are now pouring all classes of the community. The Universities, thinly represented, as a rule, are now almost emptied into the army: Kitchener's Army embraces our entire society; lawyers, civil servants, schoolmasters, writers and artists, miners, engineers, clerks, men from the factory and the field. It is like conscription in its social range. Doubtless the majority of these recruits will return to civil life when the war is over, but is it not probable that a certain number from all classes will decide to find their career in the army? If that happens, the war will have had an effect which yesterday seemed as remote as ever, the effect of introducing a new and democratic atmosphere into the army. It would be impossible in face of the opportunity of retaining the services of a number of well-educated and highly trained men, to continue any longer the scale of pay and of private expenditure which shuts out of the army so many men who have to earn their living. Everybody agrees that the new recruits learn the soldier's art with remarkable rapidity, and those who know the type of man who has enlisted, say from the coalfields of Durham and Northumberland or the potteries of Staffordshire, will readily understand that the officers who are training the new army have a material of quite exceptional promise. We have here a great representative volunteer army, composed of men who have made great sacrifices for an ideal of duty. What opportunities the war may bring them nobody can say. But out of all the men who make up this great and imposing force, the nation ought to find plenty of the kind of talent that is needed to make a man who has been a good soldier in the ranks a good officer and leader, from the man who would otherwise have been a schoolmaster or a civil servant to the man who would otherwise have been a checkweighman or a trade union secretary. Hitherto those who have desired to see our army made more democratic have been met by two objections; the first, that the private has had so poor a general education that he can only fit himself for the position of an officer if he possesses remarkable faculties;

the second, that the nation cannot afford to pay its officers a living wage, as the scale of living runs in the army. The first objection is disappearing, and if Sir John French has been able to find more than five hundred men fit for promotion already, it has probably been exaggerated. The second will disappear when the nation, as paymaster, has learnt the lessons of the war, and its consequences have made the social life of the upper classes less extravagant.

The Drama.

THE MIND OF FALSTAFF.

"King Henry IV." (Part I.) Produced at His Majesty's Theatre.

King Henry IV.	BASIL GILL
Henry, Prince of Wales	OWEN NARES
Earl of Westmoreland	HENRY MORRELL
Sir Walter Blunt	HENRY C. HEWITT
Thomas Percy	H. A. SAINTSBURY
Henry Percy	MATHESON LANG
Edmund Mortimer	ARTHUR CRANE
Owen Glendower	STEPHEN ROBERT
Sir Richard Vernon	FREDERICK ROSS
Sir John Falstaff	HERBERT TREE
Poins	CHARLES QUARTERMAINE
Gadshill	ERNEST GRIFFIN
Peto	J. W. MOLLISON
Bardolph	ARTHUR WHITEY
Douglas	CHARLES DORAN
Francis	DEERING WELLS
Lady Percy	VIOLA TREE
Lady Mortimer	DILYS JONES
Mrs. Quickly	MARY BROUGH

SHAKSPEARE, like most poets and sensitive temperaments, seems to have had many conflicting views of war, and it was a happy thought of Sir Herbert Tree to present one of the most familiar, though not the most brilliant, of them. The first part of "Henry IV." is not a patriotic play like "Henry V.," nor a deliberately unpatriotic play like "Troilus and Cressida." It is rather in the nature of a gay, detached, half-cynical commentary on war. Perhaps that is because the strife it depicts is civil strife, rather than a pageant of glory and foreign adventure. Thus the chief fighters (Hotspur, Glendower, Prince Henry), for all their romance of speech and behavior, are conceived in the strain of comedy. Percy is a glorious fellow, but a vain hothead; Glendower a bore; Prince Henry a hero in the chrysalis stage, half in love with folly. Above all these—at once the shrewdest and the narrowest intellect of all—is Falstaff himself. Shakspeare, no doubt, knew him, or had seen somebody very like him in the taverns of London or Warwickshire, and possibly had taken some of his characteristics from Rabelais's Panurge, fattening and Anglicizing him for the domestic market. But though the Falstaff of this play is not so daring, so finely realized, a conception as the Falstaff of the second part of "Henry IV.," he plays a recognizable part in the poet's criticism of war. He is physical cowardice, mocking at useless bravery. He is shrewd self-indulgence, keeping watch on his skin, while he "that died o' Wednesday" went in search of "honor." Falstaff believes in the realities he knows—fat living, dissipation, flattery, lazy scheming and cheating—not in the phrases that govern men in time of war. Thus Shakspeare holds the balances pretty even. No warrior-hero is here, such as he hails with the trumpet-blasts of "Henry V.," only a dissembling, hard-hearted King, faced with a conspiracy of resentful nobles. No sight to match the thin line of Agincourt, thrilling to its great captain's voice. The common soldier appears merely as Falstaff's starveling regiment, left to be "peppered" in a hot corner of the battlefield, the "Kanonenfutter" of three centuries later on. On the other hand, there is nothing in "Henry IV." which resembles the bitter mockery of Thersites, the unsparing analysis of war to which Shakspeare's picture of the wrangling of the Greek captains before Troy invites us. The poet had not then entered on his period of disillusionment and gloom. No one who had could have drawn Falstaff. He was still far from the dark sequence of the plays of 1602 to 1607, and the world

remained extremely amusing to him. So he writes briskly and easily, enjoying the joke of the Gadshill robbery, and the slightly more serious humor of Falstaff's recruiting energies. Like his errant Prince, he is still (at thirty-four) at play with life. The war of which he writes is one of its games, interesting to kings and earls, not quite so attractive to the common folk. Most of them are "for the town's end, to beg during life"; glory is for the victorious Generals, and also for the vanquished nobles who can die with Percy's romantic *éclat*. Knights in shining armor prance and declaim throughout these party combats; the greyness and the tremendous sweep of modern war are absent.

Shakspeare's Falstaff is better read than seen; his paunch, as Mr. Walkley truly says, is an encumbrance on the stage, for quick wits and labored breath do not go together. This is Sir Herbert Tree's difficulty. His make-up is quite wonderful in its way; even the actor's voice is veiled. Some of the Falstaffian by-play—such as the shrewd humorous glance from underneath the heavy eye-brows—he conceives with much skill. But many of the invented touches—the clownish contest for the flagon between him and Bardolph during the mimicry of the King is one of them—are sad encumbrances. I have seen and heard Falstaff finely acted and sung in Verdi's opera, without the monstrous physical handicap which Sir Herbert takes on; and I could imagine Coquelin playing him perfectly without trying to turn him into a mere tun of a man. Our stage plays are too cheap, too unimaginative, in effect when the business of soul-interpretation is afoot, for indeed Falstaff is by no means an unsubtle character. He is a bad man? Yes, and No. Yes; for he has hardly a positive virtue. No; for good humor is not bad, and Falstaff takes everything, in himself and others, as a jest. So every one, even Mrs. Quickly, forgives him, and one can imagine Henry V.'s half-laughing lips as he delivered the parting admonishment. For Falstaff's attraction in Part I. is his astonishing skill in entertaining and holding the Prince. *Le roi s'amuse*, and we know that kings and princes must be well amused. So one invention succeeds another, with lies and drollery to cover up detection, and to ease the passage to a fresh device. Falstaff's case is always to make his tales not plausible but comic; he does not care whether the Prince believes him or not, for his real object is to keep the Prince finally useful to him, and to end his days in ease at the new King's expense. He knows life thoroughly, but basely, and so far as his own fortunes are concerned, to no better purpose than to end a tavern-hunter's fun and career of pseudo-adventure with a secure and idle old age. Shakspeare revels in the loose company, loose jokes, loose morals which the Falstaffian way of living implied, and perhaps borrowed some recollections of it from his own wildish youth. This dissipated atmosphere fits in with the disturbances and divisions of the Kingdom. Of its serious intellectual and religious side Shakspeare took less account than did the much coarser Rabelais of the intellectual strife of his time. Shakspeare could play with the name and fame of one of its commanding figures, and it is a blot on his workmanship that, as Tolstoy complained, he could choose a rogue for his finest comic character. But Falstaff is a genial, sympathetic rogue, furnished with a tramp's philosophy, and it is Falstaff's intellectual quality which the grandiose effects of our stage are bound to miss.

The play went well on the whole, brilliantly sustained by Mr. Matheson Lang as Hotspur. Mr. Lang succeeds where so many Shakspearean actors fail, because he realizes that Shakspeare (at his best) is a maker of magnificent verse, and that when the poet selects a character of the quality of Percy, its material mode of expression must lie in gallant gesture and bearing, and in the singing cadence of the line. The assumption of a stammer seems to be caught from a hint furnished by the widowed Lady Percy in the Second Part,* and adds nothing in particular to Percy's rapid, turbulent mode of speech. But nothing could be finer

than Mr. Lang's delivery, and the bold outline and strong substance of his conception. None of his associates (except Mr. Basil Gill, in some of the finer lines spoken by Henry IV.) could attain to this freedom; and yet it is the great feature of the play. Depth does not belong to it. It is more pictorial than truly poetic; for Shakspeare's deeper note, corresponding, one may well believe, to a more tragic personal experience, was to come.

H. W. M.

Letters from Abroad.

HOLLAND IN WAR TIME.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Holland is at any time one of the most interesting countries in Europe to a visitor, possessing, merely in an average degree, the historic sense and the love of quaint landscapes and choice pictures. But, at the present moment, a visit to Holland is not merely an interesting, it is a fascinating experience. Your journey thither, taken by day instead of by night, and starting from Folkestone instead of Queenborough or Harwich, is a devious course between the English and the German mine-fields, with all the traffic of the Channel concentrated in a narrow pathway and five men on the look-out for mines. And when you get on the Dutch soil you find yourself amidst the most cosmopolitan scene in Europe. At their brilliantly lighted hotels—among the most comfortable and expensive in Europe—you meet the subjects and see the newspapers of all the powers now at war with each other, except Serbia. A Turk makes your coffee. A German stares at you with chill insolence. As you move about by train, by tram, by river steamer, or by motor-car, you jostle against every type of person you can think of. Timid German girls going back to Germany, eager-eyed English released returning homeward from Berlin or Vienna, prominent Suffragists working for the International Women's Relief Committee, English officers' wives on their way to their husbands interned at Groningen, newspaper correspondents of all nations, full of stories of the siege of Antwerp, Frenchmen escaped from Lille, with stories of how the ammunition failed, an Englishman escaped from Ghent by clearing out of his back door as the soldiers went in to arrest him at the front, refined and delicate ladies who had been forced to walk, with uplifted hands, as a marching screen for the German troops, the captains of small Cornish craft stranded by the war in some obscure canal; Russians, Poles, Austrians, and natives of the Dutch Indies, all are there. There are a few Americans, including one fresh from interviews with Harnack and Eucken and your old correspondent, Edward Bernstein. By the way, it seems that Eucken has not yet read Bernhardt.

At the little frontier town of Sluis, you may hear, if you listen, the distant booming of German cannon, or the explosion of dynamite charges blowing up Belgian bridges. On all hands you see the blue uniforms of the Dutch army, mobilized and vigilant, determined to maintain the trust committed to it by a calm but resolute nation. And, as a background to it all, the quaint wind-mills, the canvas-covered black and white cows, the fertile meadows, the comfortable, prosperous-looking houses. For the life of the countryside goes on with little interruption. The newly sown rye is already coming up with green profusion in the level fields of Zeeland, and they are planting the tulip bulbs in the great gardens outside Haarlem.

Some people told us that we should find Holland pro-German. In a week spent there, moving rapidly about the country on an errand that took us among people of every class, we found no justification whatever for the prediction. The attitude of the Dutch Government is one of strict and conscientious neutrality. But the Dutch people as a whole, the upper classes as well as the lower, are now profoundly anti-German in feeling. It is but natural in the birthplace of international law, the country of Grotius, that the flagrant violation of public right in the invasion of Belgium, and the

* "And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish
Became the accents of the valiant."

vindictive and conscienceless policy which has been pursued in the occupation of that country, should arouse the warmest indignation. At any rate, we hear in Holland none of those nauseating extenuations of these revolting crimes which one occasionally hears from the lips of the perverser sort of pacifist in England. There is a pro-German minority among the shippers and merchants, for the war has hit the Dutch very badly, and brought their export and transport trade almost to a standstill. The docks and warehouses of Rotterdam, Amsterdam, and Flushing are comparatively empty. But society, public men, the lawyers, and the working classes appear to be solid in their determination to resist the German yoke, and the minority of traders, who before the war looked to the possible entry of Holland into a German Confederation, will get no hearing for at least a generation. This "little land so great of heart," whose struggles for freedom are a priceless part of the spiritual inheritance of mankind, will preserve her national independence inviolate against cajolery as well as against force. Her national motto is a prophecy of her destiny, as well as a summary of her history. "*Luctor et emergo.*"

To say that Holland is not pro-German is not to say that she is pro-English. There is, indeed, small reason why she should be. The story of English relations with her in matters of trade, in war, and in peace, is one of the least creditable chapters in our history. In the past we have been consistently high-handed, selfish, and unscrupulous. Even in the present war our policy towards neutral nations has been both high-handed and vacillating. We are always revising our list of contraband of war, and always altering our policy with regard to mines. If, as is not very likely, the United States were to pluck up courage to speak with a firm voice to all the belligerents in favor of the integrity of neutral States, and the freedom of neutral trade and navigation, she would find a stalwart supporter in Holland.

But the one paramount subject which absorbs the minds of the Dutch at the present moment, is the entertainment of the Belgian refugees. It is an urgent question with us in England. But we have only 70,000 or 80,000 of them. Holland has had 800,000, and still has 300,000, of whom more than 200,000 are entirely dependent for their shelter and maintenance upon national or other charity. Think what this means! The population of Holland is less than one-seventh, her revenue less than one-tenth that of our own. Yet she is maintaining about four times as many Belgians as we are. That is to say, in proportion to her resources, she is doing forty times as much as we are. The people of Holland are, indeed, nobly fulfilling the pledge given in the Queen's speech at the opening of their Parliament, that Holland would receive with open arms all the unfortunate who might seek refuge within her borders. Private hospitality is providing for scores of thousands. One Dutch lady—a Baroness—told us that she had two hundred at her country-seat, though she added, with a good-humored sigh, that they had eaten all her pheasants and snared all her hares. A working-man told us that he had ten in his house. We heard of not a few similar instances of kindly generosity. A delightful mansion—palace it would be called in Italy—facing one of the great canals of Amsterdam, had been turned into a hospital, the pictures and panels boarded up for fear of damage, but every requisite for nursing, in *personnel* and equipment of the best. We found the leaders of Amsterdam society working from morning till night in sorting clothing and keeping up to date an effective register of fugitives. We were told that there was a great demand for children, who must have blue eyes and fair hair, be exactly three years old, and be good Protestants—the last a difficult test to apply to a nation where Protestants are only 1 per cent. of the population. The ladies who are dealing with the clothing sent from England seem to have their difficulties. Silk Liberty gowns, dress suits, hunting costumes, and dancing slippers are not the most suitable attire for Belgian artisans and peasants. An influential Central Committee, under the presidency of M. Th. Stuart, one of the most eminent of Dutch lawyers, is

working incessantly in superintending the efforts of the different localities through the country. The Government are willing to recoup the local authorities for the cost of erecting buildings of wood and eternite for housing the refugees, and to allow 35 to 40 cents (7d. to 8d.) a day towards their maintenance.

But in some districts the number of refugees is so great that the local authorities cannot cope with it. At Flushing, five large wooden sheds, ordinarily used for the storage of coal, are now each occupied by some hundreds of refugees, many of them women and children. Here there is no separation of the sexes or special provision for infants or expectant mothers. The roofs of these sheds are full of holes, and there is no provision for heating. Similarly, in the great Antwerp canal boats used for the transport of beets, wood, and coal, which have come to Flushing and Sluis, light and air can only be secured by the opening of battens or hatches, thus letting in rain and cold. In these places it is clear that the accommodation now used is absolutely impossible as a provision for the cold weather now coming on. In many places the Belgians have taken refuge in barns, stables, and outhouses, which are now required for the storage of crops and the wintering of cattle. Some alternative accommodation for them is immediately required. The same condition of things exists with regard to the school houses now occupied by refugees. The schools have been closed, but the education authorities naturally cannot permit this to continue much longer. In one place we found the school occupied half the day by Belgian and the other half by Dutch children. And at Amsterdam, where there are 4,000 Belgians in the dock sheds, special schools and kindergartens are already being set up, which the children seemed greatly to appreciate. The diet in the camps erected at the cost of the Government is excellent. Some of them have attached to them a skilled medical man and trained nurses of great capacity. But in some of the smaller towns the local authorities have only been able as yet to arrange a diet of bread and black coffee, with soup on alternate days. Only small progress has been made as yet with regard to the problem of employment of the refugees. In the great camp for 6,000 people which Baron Collot d'Escury is establishing at the little village of Hontenisse, a number of men are engaged in the work of construction, and many of the women are employed in cooking, washing, and sewing. But the great majority of the refugees have as yet nothing to do but to loll about and go to sleep. No blame is to be attached to the Dutch in this respect, for we have not solved the problem in England yet. But, unless something is done to solve it in both countries, the unfortunate Belgians will go back to their native land when the war is over, with their efficiency and character greatly impaired. For such a calamity no indemnity can compensate.

Enough has been said to show that the British and the French people must relieve Holland of part of her self-imposed burden, in a manner which respects her just pride and her consistent neutrality. Any direct contribution to the Netherlands Government in respect of the money she is expending in shelter and food for the refugees is quite out of the question. But England certainly, and France probably, ought to invite at least another 25,000 Belgians to their shores. The relief thus given to the congested districts would reduce the problem of dealing with the remainder to manageable limits, and Dutch generosity and competence would speedily solve it. Help, too, could be given by sending out clothing, and by buying in Holland, or elsewhere, materials for clothing, and for the making of furniture to be used by the Belgians in refurnishing their ruined homes. This work would probably have to be directed by the Belgian Government, through its Vice-Consuls and its prominent public men now in Holland. Doubtless some authoritative announcement will be forthcoming before long on these subjects.

But our first duty is to recognize that we have only as yet fulfilled a very inadequate part of our responsibilities towards Belgium, while Holland, on whom her moral claims are far slighter, has shown towards her

a warmhearted hospitality and an abounding generosity, to which the history of nations scarcely furnishes a parallel.—Yours, &c.,

E. RICHARD CROSS.

Letters to the Editor.

SOLDIERS' WIVES AND PUBLIC-HOUSES.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I have read with great interest the notice of Mr. Graham Wallas's "The Great Society," published in your issue of the 7th.

There probably is an increase of drinking among the wives of soldiers and sailors, but the statement that the force that drives them to drink is irresistible cannot be allowed to pass.

Among some women there has been no doubt increased drinking, but these women are only a small minority of the wives of men serving their country, who have not only more loneliness but also more money than they have had before, paid to them in large sums at one time owing to the delay in the payment of separation allowances. To suggest that the majority of the wives are intemperate, or that any of them have been led into excess for the first time, is to formulate a charge reflecting, not only on them, but on the men, which, were it not so grave, would be ridiculous.

The remedy you propose is wise and statesmanlike. If Parliament and the licensing authorities, by every means in their power, had tried to make the public-house really worthy of the name as a place in which, besides alcoholic liquor, food and refreshments of all sorts could be obtained, the news could be seen, and amusement and social intercourse could be had, rather than a mere place for the rapid consumption of alcohol, the present complaint would not arise.

It is impossible to repress the sale of liquor; let us rather be encouraged by the authorities to insist that it must take place by rational means in sane and sanitary surroundings, free from harassing restrictions and temptations to excess.—Yours, &c.,

R. M. DIX.

London, November 16th, 1914.

[We had not meant to suggest that all soldiers' wives were drinking, or anything like that. We were analyzing the conditions of their life, and arguing that in the case of very many people of all classes, who were not naturally prone to the habit, those conditions would inevitably lead to drinking.—ED., *NATION*.]

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—One case will suffice to bear out your arguments. A nice active young woman, of twenty-four, married a gunner reservist, three years ago; he had good pay as a night-train attendant on a well-known line. The man had saved a few pounds, so with two days' weekly work and his allowance for separation she did well at first with her two children. Later, representatives of the railway company who employed her husband called to see her, and promised, of *their own accord*, to pay her a fair sum weekly. This lasted for only a few weeks, then ceased "as the Government pay was to be increased!" After eight weeks, this young woman has heard by letter of her husband's death in action: she feels the delay in letting her know sooner, but deeply appreciates the "King's, Queen's, and Lord Kitchener's sympathy" named in the official letter. Early next month she expects a third baby; her allowance is 17s. 6d. a week, and she has at once moved from three rooms to one. "No change can be made for six months," is the reply from the War Office as to an increase. What is her outlook? I am willing to pay 2s. 6d. in the £ in income-tax if, in the near future, soldiers' widows are placed beyond want and hardship.—Yours, &c.,

J. BRIAN WILSON

10, South Hill Park Gardens, Hampstead.

November 17th, 1914.

THE WIDOW'S CASE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In your issue of November 7th you have an article full of sympathy and insight, entitled "Soldiers' Wives."

The writer dwells upon the loneliness and tedium of these women's lives, and quotes the case of a woman who, in despair, went out to work and put her child into a crèche. In your issue of last Saturday, you urge more than once the importance of giving the childless widow of a soldier a sufficient sum "to keep her out of the labor market altogether." If a soldier's wife is dull at home with little to do, what about the soldier's widow with no child to care for and no husband to think about? We all want to do the very best that can be done for soldiers' widows, and there can be no doubt that where there are children a widow should receive enough to enable her to remain at home and care for them; but, surely, an able-bodied woman with neither husband nor child would naturally wish to return to wage-earning, and there is no reason why the community should be deprived of her working capacity. What is the object of keeping a childless widow out of the labor market? Is it because it is more honorable for her to be maintained than to work for wages, or because a woman is a frail creature that cannot be expected to earn her living? If the object is to prevent a widow taking work at a low wage, it may well be argued that the less need she has for wages, the more likely she is to take work for anything she may be offered.

We may well feel that we do not care for these arguments and theories just now in our desire to deal generously with our soldiers and their widows, but the demand for pensions for the widows of those who lose their lives in industry will surely follow, and then the question must be faced, for the whole status of women as workers in the community will be involved.—Yours, &c.,

C. DOROTHEA RACKHAM.

Cambridge, November 14th, 1914.

[The question is whether society should compel a childless woman whose husband—a soldier or sailor—has given his life for the State, to become a wage-earner. (It must not be assumed, of course, that every soldier's wife was a wage-earner before marriage.) Mrs. Rackham, we gather, thinks the answer is "Yes," on the ground (1) that the State ought not to be deprived of her working capacity; (2) that to give her maintenance is to imply that the status of a wage-earner is less honorable; (3) that the alternative to wage-earning is a life of *ennui* and idleness; (4) that if she has enough to live on, she will accept sweated wages more readily than if she has only part of her maintenance from the State. With all the respect due to Mrs. Rackham's judgment on such a question, we venture to submit that argument (1) applies just as much to the widows of officers. The State has no greater claim on the widow of a miner who has enlisted than on the widow of a general; the same consideration applies to (2). We may wish that everybody earned his or her own living, and that the world was so arranged that everybody could do this with satisfaction and pleasure. We have to take the world as it is, and though the position of wage-earner is in no sense or case less honorable, it may be, in certain circumstances, less desirable. That is to say, to compel a woman who may or may not have been trained as a wage-earner, and had no reason to expect to become one, to seek her living in that way may be to put a hardship upon her. That, with regard to (3), it is no more true of the working class than of other classes that a woman who is not earning her living is necessarily wasting her life and unoccupied. There is ample scope, not only in private relationships but in public work. A working woman whose maintenance did not depend on a local employer, who could serve on Boards of Guardians or other public bodies, would often be invaluable. (4) If a woman has no private resources, she goes into the labor market on equal terms with her competitors; if she has some private resources, but not enough to maintain her, she must go into the labor market, and she does so under special conditions which may lead her, consciously or unconsciously, to depress the rate of wages. If she has enough to live on, she may choose some other mode of life; if she becomes a wage-earner, her independence may make her more particular about her terms. A correspondent wrote to the "Times" in alarm the other day to say that if all soldiers' widows were to have pensions that would keep them, the upper classes would soon find themselves short of servants.—ED., *NATION*.]

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Every organ that claims to be advanced has raised an outcry with regard to the Government plan for the payment of soldiers' wives. Parts of the scheme are certainly deplorable, as, for instance, placing these women under police supervision in order to force them to spend their own money according to our liking. The point, however, that rouses most indignation, and that you yourself characterize as "indefensible," is the minimum pension of 7s. 6d. a week for the childless widow. This sum is regarded as shamefully low. I contend it is high: 7s. 6d. a week, we are told, is not enough for a woman to live on. It is not. But why should such a woman live on it? The widows who would receive this amount are the young and able-bodied, without children. Many of them are newly married; they would not be worn out by the hard trade of child-bearing and child-rearing on scanty means. Almost without exception they would have earned their own living previous to their marriage. Why should they not again do so? Is there any reason for the State to deprive itself of their service and add their number to the drone class?

This may be considered as a heartless method of viewing these newly made war-widows. On the contrary, far from minimizing their loss, I feel it is so great that no money can compensate them for it. But I also feel that to discourage them from paid work is to increase and not lessen their suffering and loneliness. What else are they to do all day? A pension is needed for young, healthy women in order to lay the haunting spectre of unemployment, not to introduce it. Work is part of human dignity. It is the people who would insist on keeping these women out of the labor market who, in my opinion, are treating them as a "serf class."

The case is, of course, completely altered if the woman has children. The care of the children is quite enough work, and quite important enough work, for any woman. If the mother prefers to enter some wage-earning pursuit—which would very rarely be the case—she would still need an adequate pension in order to pay a substitute to take her place in the home. Consequently, the proposed pension for the widow with children, which is quoted as more liberal than that of the childless widow, appears to me less liberal. It seems, indeed, barely adequate, although it probably averages as much as the women have been receiving before. For though the artizan's widow will be getting considerably less than in her husband's lifetime, the laborer's widow will be getting more, allowing for the former expenses of the man.

There is a further difference between keeping the childless widow out of the labor market and keeping the widow with children out of it. In the former case the State is incurring a definite extra expense. It is a luxury to support a person who can support herself. As the State is chiefly made up of poor and struggling people, it is doubtful whether it can afford this luxury. With regard to the widow with young children, the State is incurring no extra expense. The children cannot support themselves. If enough money is not given to the mother to feed and care for them, the money and even more of it must be given to the workhouse or the orphanage, or the hospital. This apparently has been realized in the case of the soldier's widow. Let us only hope that it may soon be realized in the case of all widows. Every good workman who dies has fallen for his country. He has fallen, not in the destructive battle of death, but in the constructive battle of life.—Yours, &c.,

EDITH AYRTON ZANGWILL.

Far End, East Preston, Sussex.

November 18th, 1914.

PERSIA AND BELGIUM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—THE NATION has taken its stand, in defending this war, on the maxim of The Hague Convention, that the territory of neutrals is inviolable. May I draw your attention to what is happening in Persia? The Russian armies from the Caucasus are invading Turkey by two routes. One is making a direct frontal march through Turkish territory on Erzeroum; the other is engaged in a turning movement through Persian territory. A glance at a map will show how tempting, strategically, this movement was. Starting from the Russian rail-head at Julfa, a straight line leads

direct, over the pass at Kotur on the Turkish frontier, to Van. The Russians were able to carry out most of this movement unopposed, and the fighting began (see Russian official news, dated November 12th, and German official news, published on the 16th) only at Kotur. From a military standpoint it is a clever and obviously sound move; the only objection to it is moral—treaty obligations, the rights of neutrals, and the sentiment on behalf of little nations.

The parallel to Belgium is painfully close. Persia has not acquiesced, for we know that she began to protest against the violation of her neutrality when the Russians arrested the Turkish Consul at Tabriz. There is in this case also a "scrap of paper," the Anglo-Russian Convention of 1907, which assured the "integrity and independence" of Persia. Persia, indeed, was not declared to be perpetually neutral; but to violate the neutrality of any State without its consent is to infringe its independence. Sir Edward Grey, indeed, said of Belgium, that if her neutrality were violated, her independence would be "gone" (speech of August 3rd). Is there any real difference? The fact that Russia began her furtive preparations for this invasion years ago, by keeping troops in Persia on one pretext or another, makes the case rather worse than better. Nor has she offered compensation to Persia as Germany did to Belgium. It may, of course, be said that the Persians are only Orientals, and stand outside our Western code of honor and morals, but few Liberals will put forward that particular defence.

This uncomfortable fact that Russia is doing exactly what Germany did, has got to be faced and assimilated. It leads, I think, to two modifications in the current Liberal view about this war. In the first place, those who think that the case of Belgium was the real reason for our participation in this war (I am not one of them) can hardly continue to argue that our motive is an abstract and disinterested regard for treaty rights and little nationalities. Our concern about Belgium is self-regarding. A great military Power which can overrun Belgium endangers the defence of our own coasts. That is why we are moved about Belgium and indifferent about Persia. In the second place, while Germany's treatment of Belgium admits of no excuse or palliation, it is not an unparalleled or unprecedented crime. It closely resembles what Nelson did to neutral Denmark in 1807, and it exactly resembles what Russia is doing to-day to neutral Persia. We cannot after the war affect to treat Germany as a moral outcast while we embrace Russia as an ally.—Yours, &c.,

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

November 19th, 1914.

[We have changed none of our familiar opinions on Anglo-Russian policy in Persia. But it is playing with facts to treat the cases of Persia and Belgium as if they were identical. Mr. Brailsford's view has, we imagine, always been that Persian independence was gone. Belgium's was fully intact at the moment when Germany invaded her. The strip of northern Persian territory which the Russian troops crossed had long been in their practically unrestricted occupation, and the province of which it was a part treated as Russia's sphere. We do not defend the act, but it is not *in pari materia* with the German case.—ED., NATION.]

RELIEF WORK FOR WOMEN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The fine protest you have made in to-day's NATION on the subject of the penalization of soldiers' wives encourages me to hope you will allow me to point out another and no less gross injustice. It is an accepted principle of relief work for men that it should take the form of some useful capital expenditure for the nation. Road-making and afforestation have been specially designated for the purpose. The Women's Employment Fund, by some amazing perversity of judgment, has gone back to the old bad system of by-gone days—days of the Irish famine, forgotten in England but remembered still with bitterness across the Channel. The interest of the monopolist and the contractor were then put above the interests of the people, and relief work took the form of work that nobody wanted and nobody would pay for in the ordinary way.

It is a condition laid down by the Women's Employment Fund that no work done in the workrooms must be sold, and that the garments made must be given away to people

who could not buy. The consequence is, of course, that the standard of work is very low, that there is often great slackness on the part of the workers, and that the distribution is liable to the ordinary abuses of amateur charitable management. The effect morally is deplorable. It is a degrading and pauperizing system that will leave the working women coming under its influence appreciably worse off, economically, than they were before the war. It does away with the stimulus of competition without substituting a compensating sense of communal responsibility.

Workrooms that are run frankly with a view to becoming self-supporting, whether toy-making or arts and crafts, or merely needlework, have an entirely different effect upon the worker. And the plan of giving a bonus for good work, or for paying by piece-work, has a very healthy effect in combating the depression caused by the sudden drop of wages in all departments of women's work.—Yours, &c.,

J. T. KINGSLEY TARPEY.

33, Buckingham Mansions, West End Lane, N.W.
November 14th, 1914.

FOOTBALL AND THE WAR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I understand that there is a growing feeling of indignation in the ranks of Lord Kitchener's Army at the continuance of the League football matches. I believe that if Lord Kitchener were to appeal to the professional football players to enlist he would have an instant and fine response. They would make a splendid Brigade—and each player would bring a hundred recruits. There must be many who feel with me that race-meetings should be discontinued until the war is over.

I do not think that anything would help recruiting more than the omission of football and racing news in the newspapers, for thereby a very large number of people would realize the gravity of the situation.—Yours, &c.,

G. W. S. HOWSON.

Gresham's School, Holt, Norfolk.
November 18th, 1914.

THE ORIGIN OF MODERN GERMANY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Barbour's statement that "whatever be the Germany to which we are opposed in the present war, it is hardly the Germany of Kant," the writers who did so much to transform a nation of idealists and sentimentalists into a forcing-house of soldiers and commercials were Strauss and Feuerbach. The "Life of Jesus" by Strauss is not unknown—at any rate by name—to the older generation of Englishmen; Feuerbach's "Essence of Christianity" has perhaps been forgotten. Published in 1841, it marks an epoch in German thought, because it was a protest against the metaphysical orgy in which German philosophers had been revelling for half a century—the quest for the golden apple of immortality had failed—and man, if he wished to be happy and sensible, must consent to walk upon the solid earth. Man's misery, Feuerbach taught, springs from his desire to know something more than the senses certainly tell him; destroy this longing, and he will attain to a robustness and vigor which is worth far more than a doubtful immortality. Modern Christianity is a parody on the teaching of Jesus—the spirit of the early Christians only appeared to disappear; there is no possible reconciliation between Christ and our civilization of railways and machine-worshippers, so let people, instead of aiming at being angels, be satisfied with being men, and all will be well with them.

Schopenhauer, too, paved the way for "the man of blood and iron." Amid all the changing phenomena which constitute this illusory universe, he only recognized the reality of the will, and at a time when enthusiasts for German unity seemed to rely upon the force of sonorous phrases to attain their end, he taught the necessity of effort, the danger of vanity and dreams, and the value of strength, patience, and discipline. Schopenhauer supplies a motive for action that it would perhaps be difficult to find in Feuerbach, and his influence was certainly strong in Germany till about 1880,

when it is superseded by Nietzsche's gospel of the superman.—Yours, &c.,

T. PERCY ARMSTRONG.

The Westminster Palace Hotel.

November 18th, 1914.

[We cannot accept our correspondent's description of Schopenhauer. He had a strong Oriental bias.—Ed., NATION.]

MR. BODLEY AND THE "BRITANNICA" REPUBLICATION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. J. E. C. Bodley's letter in the current issue of THE NATION explains a mystery which I could not for the life of me understand.

I purchased the "Britannica" series solely because Mr. Bodley was advertised in the way he describes, and as soon as the books reached me I found that the manner, matter, and style of this history of France is not comparable with that of Mr. Bodley's "France" of 1898.—Yours, &c.,

S. PROUDFOOT.

Vicarage, North Somercotes, Lincs.

November 13th, 1914.

TOLSTOY'S FLIGHT FROM HOME.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is not to be wondered at that Tolstoy has but few followers in this or in any civilized country; his idea of life was so diametrically opposed to the teaching of all our schools of thought; but it is amazing to find that after thirty years' strenuous writing in expounding his views, so few seem able to understand him. Here we have his son and his translator, Mr. Aylmer Maude, mystified by Tolstoy's fleeing from his wife and his family near the end of his life. They must know that Tolstoy had contemplated taking this step many times in the thirty odd years which elapsed between his conversion and his death. And they must also know that he had always found himself unable to take the step, because he could not bring himself to cause his family the pain which his action would inevitably inflict upon them.

In "My Religion," which he wrote in 1884, he describes the conditions under which he then lived as *abnormal* and *insupportable*. To live under the same roof with rich idlers, such as his family, was martyrdom to him. What Tolstoy, after his conversion, wished, was that he and all his family should live and work like peasants. His wife and family, alas! were no nearer to this, his cherished ideal of life, after his thirty years' preaching than they were before, and at last, in sheer desperation, he fled from them and their insupportable conditions, determined that in the short time that might lie before him he himself at least would bring his life into consistency with his convictions.

No one who has read Tolstoy's books, written subsequent to his conversion, should have the slightest difficulty in understanding his flight from home so near the end of his life.—Yours, &c.,

TOLSTOYAN.

Carlisle, November 15th, 1914.

Poetry.

"SENTINEL."

As one, who, standing sentinel alone,
Night falling, sees with fear-enthralled eyes
A foe in every shadow, but defies
The terror, and, with resolution grown,
Laughs at his fears, and faces the unknown
With steady strength; so may I when the skies
Darken above my life's lone enterprise
Boldly confront the sombre shadows thrown
Far by the flying day; and when the night
Laps in thick folds the last faint beam of all,
Quenching it quite, then fearless may I send
Forth through the gloom a shout that shall unite
With echoes many voices, till it fall
Strong on the ears of waiting Death,—Pass Friend!

COLIN HURRY.

(Pte., Pub. Schools' Btn.).

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Satires of Circumstance, Lyrics and Reveries, with Miscellaneous Pieces." By Thomas Hardy. (Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.)
- "The Life of Sir John Lubbock, Lord Avebury." By H. G. Hutchinson. (Macmillan. 2 vols. 30s. net.)
- "Recollections of Bar and Bench." By the Right Hon. Viscount Alverstone. (Arnold. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "The Wonder of Life." By J. A. Thomson. (Melrose. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "Flaubert." By Emile Faguet. (Constable. 6s. net.)
- "Balzac." By Emile Faguet. (Constable. 6s. net.)
- "The Vanished Country Folk and Other Studies in Arcady." By R. L. Galea. (Simpkin, Marshall. 5s. net.)
- "Essays, Political and Historical." By C. Tower. (Lippincott. 6s. net.)
- "The Prevention and Control of Monopolies." By Jethro Brown. (Murray. 6s. net.)
- "The Voyages of Captain Scott." By C. Turley. (Smith, Elder. 6s. net.)
- "Women of the Revolutionary Era." By Lieutenant-Colonel A. C. P. Haggard. (Stanley Paul. 16s. net.)
- "With the Tin Gods." By Mrs. Horace Tremlett. (Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "Friends and Memories." By Maude Valérie White. (Arnold. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "Mrs. Martin's Man." By St. John G. Ervine. (Maunsel. 6s.)
- "Cairo: A Novel." By Percy White. (Constable. 6s.)

Now that the first shock of the war has spent itself in the world of books as elsewhere, our literary guides are busying themselves with the topic of the best books to read in war-time. Dr. Sadler, of Leeds University, recently gave some excellent advice on this subject to the members of the National Home-Reading Union. He pointed out that the mental stir and excitement caused by this great crisis ought to be directed into worthy channels, and that great literature—he instanced certain passages of Wordsworth—can do much to fortify and strengthen what is best in the present mood of the nation. No one would deny the value of this advice, but we cannot always live upon the mountain-tops of literature, and there is something to be said for the ordinary books that even now keep coming from the press. The British officer who read right through "Paradise Lost" and Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" while in the trenches during the South African War, or General Smuts who solaced himself in the same struggle with Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," are, human nature being what it is, surer of a larger measure of admiration than of imitation.

HISTORY seems to be now the favorite reading of many people, probably from a belief that knowing something about the conduct of former wars will enable them better to realize and understand what is now happening. I notice two books, both issued during the last few weeks, which deal with an aspect of war about which very little has been written—"Prisoners of War in France (1804-1814)," edited by Sir Edward Hain and published by Messrs. Duckworth, and Mr. Edward Fraser's "Napoleon, the Gaoler," published by Messrs. Methuen. A further addition to books on this subject will be Mr. Tighe Hopkins's "Prisoners of War," to be published shortly by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall. Sir Edward Hain's book contains the journals of John Tregether Short and Thomas Williams. These two sailors were captured by a French privateer off Beachy Head in March, 1804, and they spent the greater part of the next ten years as prisoners of war at Givet, close to Charlemont, a town that has now added to its annals a very different episode in the relations between this country and France.

THE journals edited by Sir Edward Hain, and the group of personal narratives which Mr. Fraser has embodied in his book, enable one to form a notion of the life of a British prisoner of war under Napoleon. As far as the officers were concerned, this was tolerable enough. Most of them were confined at Verdun, where they had their own clubs and gambling-houses. "Playing, dancing, drinking, and singing all day long," is the description given by one visitor. Even

duelling was allowed, and several prisoners lost their lives at the hands of their brother officers. Things were far worse at Givet, the main dépôt for prisoners of the rank and file. Both Short and Williams write bitterly of their hardships, and Mr. Fraser supplements their account from other sources. One of the causes that made the treatment of prisoners so rigorous was Napoleon's hope that some of them might be tempted to enlist in the French service. Very few accepted the offers made to them. Altogether some 12,000 British prisoners enjoyed the enforced hospitality of France between 1804 and 1814. It is a detail worth noting that at Verdun their debts to local tradesmen amounted to £140,000, and that most of the bills remained unpaid, though France paid sixty millions of francs to the British Treasury as compensation for property confiscated at the Revolution. An excess of nine millions of francs remained unappropriated after all claims had been met, yet this sum was retained by the Treasury, in spite of requests that it should be used for the benefit of the Verdun creditors.

ANOTHER class of book that is having a great vogue consists of those which treat of the political and economic position of the European nations. Since the war began, many readers have felt the necessity of acquiring some knowledge of the present state of these nations as well as of their recent history, and publishers have been ready to meet the demand. Mr. Fisher Unwin, for example, has brought out cheap editions of Mr. Harbutt Dawson's "The Evolution of Modern Germany" and of M. Gregor Alexinsky's "Modern Russia," in his useful "Modern World Series." M. Alexinsky's communication in last week's NATION shows the political standpoint from which he writes. He was a deputy in the second Duma, and is now a political exile in Switzerland. For a popular account of Russian literature, it would be hard to beat Mr. Maurice Baring's little volume, just added to Messrs. Williams & Norgate's "Home University Library of Modern Knowledge."

A STANDING ground of complaint by authors against publishers is the manner in which the latter sometimes re-issue works of which they possess the copyright, years after the work was written and without any authorization from the author. Mr. Bodley's protest in last week's NATION draws attention to a particularly flagrant example of this practice. For not only had Mr. Bodley's articles in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" been re-issued without revision in another form by the present holders of the copyright, but his work has been mixed up with that of another writer, and the whole published with Mr. Bodley's name printed on the title-page. I can hardly imagine a juster ground of complaint, though I have recently been told of another case almost equally deserving of censure. Some years ago Mr. Seccombe contributed a masterly biographical introduction to Gissing's "House of Cobwebs." The book, together with that introduction, has just been reprinted in a cheap form, but in the re-issue there is no indication that Mr. Seccombe is the author of the introduction.

BOOKS on contemporary writers are certainly coming into vogue. In addition to the series published by Mr. Martin Secker and Messrs. Routledge & Kegan Paul, I am glad to see that Messrs. Nisbet have in active preparation a new shilling series, to be called "Writers of the Day." The early volumes will include "John Galsworthy" by Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, "Joseph Conrad" by Mr. Hugh Walpole, "Anatole France" by Mr. W. L. George, "H. G. Wells" by Mr. J. D. Beresford, and "William De Morgan" and "Henry James," both by Mrs. Sturge Grettton.

ARE we going to have something like a "regionalist" movement in English literature? At any rate, notice some signs of an approach towards local patriotism in literature. As evidence of this I may cite the appearance from Messrs. Combridges, of Hove, of "The Book of Sussex Verse," edited by Mr. C. C. Cook, and the announcement that a collection of volumes called "The Poets of the Shires" is to be issued by Messrs. N. Long. The editor of this latter series is Dr. C. H. Poole, and the first volume to appear will be "Warwickshire Poets."

PENGUIN.

Reviews.

TWO BRILLIANCIES.

"John and Sarah, Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, 1660-1744: Based on Unpublished Letters and Documents at Blenheim Palace." By STUART J. REID. (Murray. 16s. net.)

SARAH, Duchess, and John, Duke of Marlborough, do not need a new introduction to the student. Dr. Reid contends they require an *introduction*. Their portraits hitherto have been painted in one medium, and between Coxe and Macaulay they do not show up as altogether pleasing characters. Well met they seemed, the asperities and rapacities of the Duchess being the fitting foil to the "hundred villainies" of the Duke. Dr. Stuart Reid contends that the Duke and Duchess, like so many incontestable facts, have become a fiction, and that, despite the existing biographies, which run already into three figures, the world has not yet seen them as they were. Not, indeed, that he would condemn them to the limbo of the faultless, but their actions and motives were not those commonly attributed to them.

This vindication, while it is based upon an appeal to historical documents, is not so much history as romance, and it is a romance which is *in medias res* at the outset. For the beautiful Sarah Jennings, with her hosts of admirers at the Court and her characteristic imperiousness, even at sixteen already at the full flood, who untruthfully and unmercifully snubs her ardent lover for his "impertinent reflections of my fine shape," was the same who wrote across the packet of her love-letters with the shaky hand of eighty-three: "Read over in 1743, desiring to burn them, but I could not do it." The handsome Colonel Churchill who, like many another famous British general, had served his apprenticeship to the art of war in the colonies, was not one to loose when he had taken a firm hold, and the siege of Sarah's heart was close, if more vacillating, than his military sieges.

The truth is advantage called each away from the other. Sarah could have wedded a title; he could have married wealth. Sarah had her mother well in hand, but Churchill listened to his father—and wavered. Sarah quickly detected it and, scornful before, her letter showed clearly and pathetically enough that she loved him: "You have been the falsest creature on earth to me . . . too late I see my error." The letter decided Churchill. "I love you above all expression," he wrote. He insisted on seeing her, and the interview over, they became engaged secretly, though Sarah's mistress, the Duchess of York, knew of it. The more turbulent period was over, and a comparatively normal era set in. His letters continue full of passion; hers of gall. At length they were secretly married in 1678, the Duchess, Mary of Modena, being present.

After a few uneventful years, Sarah, now Lady Churchill, became Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess Anne, who had married Prince George of Denmark, and soon gained ascendancy over the shy Princess through her personal charm and force of character. The death of Charles II., two years after, and the accession of the Duke of York had the effect of ridding Anne of her domineering First Mistress of the Bedchamber, and Lady Churchill at once took her place. She was but twenty-five years of age, and for twenty-five years she maintained her commanding position at Court.

Three short years and Major-General Lord Churchill was called to make the difficult choice between the Catholic James II., who had raised him from a page to his present position, and even given him a great share of his confidence, and William of Orange, the Protestant husband of James's daughter. Gratitude, fidelity, training pulled one way; religion, patriotism, and instinct for liberty another. One need not invoke the morals of another age to conclude that Churchill was not much, if at all, to blame in his desertion of James. But the Prince of Orange became King, Churchill became Earl of Marlborough and Lieutenant-General of the Forces. In the Irish campaign against James's adherents—though not against James personally—in 1690, and later in the Low Countries, Churchill was engaged. And about the

same time a more momentous event took place: at the suggestion of the Princess Anne she became "Mrs. Morley" to Lady Marlborough's "Mrs. Freeman," and the equality of title was merely the outward sign of the equality of condition and intimacy upon which Anne insisted. But in January, 1692, Marlborough was sent to the Tower on the strength of an intercepted letter professing loyalty to James at St. Germain. It was mere profession and not plot, as was later proved, and Marlborough did not forget the injustice. William had not taken long to outstay his welcome. He was a foreigner, and needed all his arts to win his subjects; but, instead, he flouted them in every way, and his death found few mourners.

Marlborough was but a handsome general of parts when the accession of Anne and the outbreak of the war of the Spanish Succession gave him the chance to demonstrate his military genius. He was fifty-two before his work commenced. He had crossed the Meuse in the summer of 1702, and was manœuvring in country which to-day is oddly familiar. In the autumn, after a short siege, Liège fell to him. Yet in the midst of the campaign we find a string of notes to his wife, all ringing with but one theme: "No ambition can make amends for my being from you." If her letters "should come in the time I was expecting the enemy to charge me, I could not forbear reading them." At the close of the campaign in 1702, Marlborough was made a Duke by the Queen.

Mrs. Freeman's life now came to its zenith. The Queen ruled the land; she ruled the Queen. Masterful and implacable as she was, it has been overlooked that she was also perfectly honest, faithful, and candid in a venal, treacherous, and dissembling age. Her candor, indeed, was a thing to be dreaded. Even at twenty-three, when she first became the favorite of the Princess Anne, she "laid it down for a maxim that flattery was a falsehood to my trust, and that I did not deserve so much favor if I could not venture the loss of it by speaking the truth." Haughty, impetuous, and candid, she paid in talent where the currency was tact, with the result that, in the end, ruin overwhelmed both herself and her husband. "Lord, madame! It must be so," is not the most respectful way of counselling one's sovereign. Ruling and anxious to rule others, she had no sway over her own spirit. But Marlborough trusted her implicitly in almost everything except in matters relating to the war. In the splendid victories which have made his name for ever memorable, the plans were ever those of his own shaping, and were kept fast-locked in his heart. In 1702 he had already embarked upon that tide of victory which for him never ran out. No city could resist him; no battle but turned in his favor. Blenheim, Ramilies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet do not at this moment seem so vivid as his lesser achievements in the stricken field of Belgium; his taking of Huy, his victory at Tirlemont, relief of Brussels, siege of Lille, Antwerp, and Ostend, the last with the co-operation of the Navy. All this ground is known to everyone to-day, and Marlborough's crowded campaigns over it have an adventitious interest in addition to the appreciable grip for their own extraordinary masterfulness.

Marlborough's later victories were fought under changed circumstances towards the Queen. The rise of Abigail Hill, later Mrs. Masham—"the woman I took from a broom," in the Duchess of Marlborough's characteristic phrase—brought, as the Duke warned his wife in 1708, "at last all things to ruin." The Queen was lonely, and the Duchess could not, and would not, always be with her. The ever-accessible Mrs. Masham saw her chance and took it, urged on and flattered by Harley, the unscrupulous Tory leader, who was to profit by her influence to the Marlborough's undoing. The Duchess began to have disputes with the Queen, and in the beginning of 1710 the breach was open, and at the end of the year Marlborough was dismissed.

In retirement Marlborough cut a more dignified figure than ever. It is easy to be complacent when all the world smiles upon one, but it needs greatness of character to preserve an unruffled front in face of slights and calumnies. Towards the end of 1712, the Duke and Duchess went abroad. They returned in triumph on the Queen's death, and the Duke's last years were spent in peace except that, as ever, the Duchess could not get on with her children. A self-willed and disobedient child, she was an imperious and

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THE PAPER FOR BOOKLOVERS

domineering mother. She survived her husband for twenty-two years, taking a keen interest to the end in politics, in landed estate, and in the completion of Blenheim.

Dr. Reid has produced a fascinating book. It is strange that some of the papers here drawn upon for the first time escaped the indefatigable Coxo. The book was commenced as a biography of the Duchess, and there is much that is new and attractive about her in it; but the Duke is not so much vindicated of such positive charges as emerge through Macaulay's rhetoric as raised by many subtle touches to a higher plane, where he meets them to better advantage. The tendency to confuse action with character and to argue necessary goodness and badness of the one from the vice or virtue of the other dies hardly. But even while one remains still not wholly convinced of the blamelessness of certain actions—the Brest incident, for instance—one can but feel that it was a good thing to give this, surely the last word on the Duke and Duchess, to the world.

ITALY AND THE TRIPLICE.

"Italy's Foreign and Colonial Policy." By Senator TOMMASO TITTONI. Translated by Baron QUARANTA DI SAN SEVERINO. (Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d. net.)

IN 1912, a reprint from the Italian Parliamentary Reports of Senator Tittoni's speeches and answers to questions relating to foreign and colonial affairs was published in Italy ("Sei Anni di Politica Estera," Rome, Turin, 1912), with an introduction by Signor Maggiorino Ferraris, editor of the "Nuova Antologia." Edited and translated, these speeches now make a tardy appearance in English. Dealing largely with the policy of the Triple Alliance, their republication in Italy was opportune enough at a period when its renewal was before the country. But events have since marched with fulminating rapidity and shattering force; the incongruous and unpopular alliance *de convenance* of the new Italian State with her hereditary oppressor and secular enemy, has been torn into shreds and evokes only an academic interest; it is a page of contemporary history that has already been turned. Our immediate concern is: What does Italy stand for now that vital issues of tremendous import to civilized Europe are put to the supreme arbitrament of war? Will she be neither for nor against, and incur the reproach levelled by her greatest poet against those who *per se fóro*?

The *Triplice*, then, is an instrument that has broken in the hands of its creators, and these chapters, so far as they relate to it, bear evidence of the inherent vices of its origin. The speeches read like an *apologia*, not to say an apology, for its existence to the Italian people, who have always distrusted it and have labored under its burden with a sullen hatred; for the supposition that an Italian army should be called to fight on the side of the *Tedeschi* has ever been regarded by them as monstrous and unthinkable. In July last none knew this better than the Conservative Ministry then in power, and despite the fact that many of its members were avowed supporters of the Alliance, no time was lost in notifying Italian neutrality to her nominal Allies.

Signor Tommaso Tittoni, whose cosmopolitan education raised him in 1903 from a comparatively minor position as a local administrator—he was Prefect of Perugia in 1897 and of Naples in 1900—to the Foreign Office at Rome, is one of the ablest diplomatists who in recent years have directed Italy's foreign relations at the Consulta. A convinced supporter of the Triple Alliance, it has fallen to his lot to defend his policy in more than one dangerous pass when passionate national sentiment threatened to burst through the meshes of diplomatic obligations and force an open breach with Austria. For both Germany and Austria have repeatedly treated their junior partner *de haut en bas*. To this day the Emperor Francis Joseph has never paid the return visit of courtesy to Rome which should have followed on King Humbert's visit to Vienna over thirty years ago, when he, a grandson of that Charles Albert who, on the stricken field of Novara, had handed his sword to Victor Emmanuel, bidding him swear never to unsheath it until he could be avenged on Austria, was seen in an Austrian uniform, head-

ing an Austrian regiment at a review of an Austrian army. It is difficult for a foreigner who has not witnessed one of those explosions of popular hostility to Austria which have so often strained the Alliance almost to breaking point, to form any adequate conception of the bitter hatred it has evoked. The writer, who was in Italy during the year (1908) that saw the annexation by Austria of Bosnia and Herzegovina, can testify to the spontaneity and sincerity of her anti-Austrian agitation during that crisis—it enveloped one like an electrically charged atmosphere. Signor Tittoni, who is one of the least Machiavellian of diplomatists, having, after an interview with Baron von Aehrenthal, hinted at compensations, which were cruelly repudiated, became in consequence the most unpopular Minister in Italy; he incurred the suspicion of having been outwitted, and the Ministry of which he formed a part narrowly escaped defeat. Nor was the irritation confined to the popular press and the *piazza*. Signor Fortis, an ex-Premier and Garibaldian veteran, rose in the Chamber of Deputies on December 3rd and constituted himself the protagonist of the popular hostility to Austria. In a speech whose eloquence and fervor had rarely been equalled in the annals of the Italian Parliament, Signor Fortis warned Austria not to tempt Italy too sorely, and, amid a scene of intense excitement, told his auditors that the only enemy Italy had to fear was her ally, Austria. It was in answer to Signor Fortis that Senator Tittoni made his famous speech (pp. 121-151) which saved the Ministry and won a notable parliamentary triumph—a triumph achieved as much by the Minister's obvious sincerity as by dialectical skill and mastery of his subject. In this speech, Tittoni naively admitted he had committed three blunders, one of which was his belief that international treaties would not be varied by one of the contracting parties without the consent of the others—such credulity would be less pardonable now. But behind these and other pleadings for the Alliance there lurks the suspicion that a determining factor in diplomatic controversy with Austria, was that blurted out by Signor Fortis, who told the Chamber that when he was in office he had been unable to stand up against Austrian diplomacy because he felt he had not sufficient force at the back of him. We have referred to Signor Tittoni's sincerity: let us also bear witness to another virtue. It required no small courage on the part of a responsible Minister to denounce, as he did in this famous speech, the hypocritical forms and dangerous snares adopted at the Berlin Conference, and, "those subtle contrivances whereby diplomacy has created fictitious rights which conflict with actual facts."

Parts II. and III. of this book, dealing with Emigration and Colonial policy, show a like sincerity, integrity, and sagacity informing Signor Tittoni's policy. The problems of Italian emigration, however, chiefly concern the United States of America, and interest in Italy's Colonial policy has been overshadowed by the conquest and annexation of Tripoli and Cyrenaica. It is comforting to note that although foreign cotton goods are subject to a 10 per cent. *ad valorem* duty in Erythrea while Italian cottons are admitted duty free, it is English and American firms who supply all the cotton goods consumed in that Colony, and, indeed, throughout Africa.

Signor Tittoni has consistently proved himself to be a staunch friend of England, and won golden opinions among us during his brief Ambassadorial career at St. James's. For the many evidences these pages afford of a steadfast goodwill towards our country in colonial and international affairs, as well as for his share in strengthening the time-honored bonds of sympathy between the two nations we owe Signor Tittoni grateful acknowledgment.

SOME LITTLE HARPS.

"David in Heaven, and other Poems." By R. L. GALES. (Simpkin, Marshall. 3s. 6d. net.)

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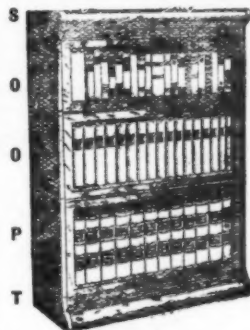


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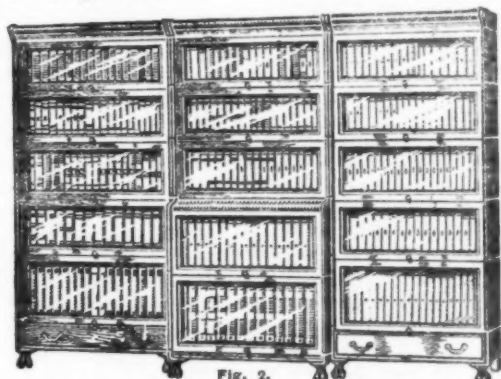


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rules might bring the Roman lyrist under his own condemnation. But, in truth, his rule is not reasonable. Where there is any poetical faculty, publication does good to the writer, and at the worst no harm to others. The presence of a poetical rector must be good for the Lincolnshire parish where Mr. Gales preaches the gospel, and, if we may judge from his verses, something also that is not comprised in the gospel, while Miss Dargan has found a large audience through the American magazines and has the power to please it. Of Mr. Cole's efforts we might regretfully find some scruples in using like terms.

Mr. Gales finds his inspiration mainly in the story of Bethlehem and Calvary and in the veneration of Mary and other saints, historical and mythical. In a northern clime the worship of the saints loses most of the grotesqueness which so often goes with it in the land of its birth. The spirit of Mr. Gales is very far from the sight which gave so much pleasure to Browning's Florentine:—

"Our Lady borne, smiling and smart,
With a pink gauze gown, all spangles, and seven swords stuck
in her heart."

Like the best man of the Middle Ages he is able to blend the spirit of reverence with the spirit of fun. In fact, his mind seems essentially medieval. He leaves it to others to be troubled by obstinate questionings. The world to him is full of simplicity and joyousness, and his buoyant delight may almost move the envy of a cogitative creature. He really can sing, and his tune may be heard even by a poor Protestant who is sure that no Catherine made acquaintance with a wheel and no Christopher carried the Redeemer over a ford. He would have been at home with the better souls among the Canterbury pilgrims, and might, perhaps, have prompted the "verray perfight gentil knight" not to be silent in his dislike for some of the stories told in that strangely mixt company. In fact, he is so medieval in mind that he seems even to approve of the immoral miracle. He tells us of a pawnbroker cheated of his pledges by the use of the Holy Cross to which the jewels adhered, and by which they were restored to the pious but impecunious persons who had raised money on them. Thus the bishop got back his ring and staff in time to display them on Easter Day without needing to repay the pawnbroker. Now, of course, in the Middle Ages this was all very right and proper. A pawnbroker was, *ipso facto*, a knave, and a bishop might righteously implore the saints to see that he both ate his cake and had it. Those who take a more modern view must not quarrel with Mr. Gales for expressing his own. As a sample of our poet's wares we give what he entitles "An Easter Rhyme":

"An Owl sat on an ivy bush,
A Lamb hung on a tree,
For that ill-fowl, the ancient Owl,
A goodly sight to see,
Whose eyes might mark in that fell dark
What deathly things might be.

"On the third morn the Lamb was freed,
He stood all bright in a green mead,
In daylight before day;
The ivy bush was cleft in twain,
Was riven and rent with might and main,
And the Owl fled away."

The poor owls and goats and toads, all charming creatures in their way, are still without sympathy from the medieval mind.

So different in mind is Miss Dargan that the man of the Middle Ages would hardly have understood her. In place of the limpid and easy verse of Mr. Gales she gives us melodious lyrics which spring from a thoughtful habit of mind. There is often a touch of obscurity in them which might be justified by a greater depth of thought, but hardly by such depth as they have. She has much of the Elizabethan spirit in her, and it is perhaps characteristic that she is more successful with Shakespeare's than with Petrarch's form of the sonnet, while some of her best lyrics seem to be under the same influence. We quote a sonnet called "The Conqueror":—

"O Spring, that flutter'st the slow Winter by,
To drop thy buds before his frosty feet,
Does thou not grieve to see thy darlings lie
In trodden death, and weep their beauty sweet?
Yet must thou cast thy tender offering

And make thy way above thy mourned dead,
Or frowning Winter would be always king,
And thou wouldst never walk with crowned head.
So gentle Love must make his venturous way
Among the shaken buds of his own pain;
And many a hope-blown garland meekly lay
Before the chilly season of disdain;
But as no beauty may the Spring outglow,
So he, when throned, no greater lord doth know."

Mr. Cole's is the thinnest of these three volumes; but, despite its brevity, is not the easiest to read through. Its cast is hardly that of thought, and its amatory passion calls for more power of expression than the writer seems to possess. A specimen will, perhaps, make the reader sympathize with the critic:—

"When sad thoughts throng around me,
And memory scarce is dear,
What then shall ease my sorrow,
What then shall calm my fear?

"No longer hopes avail me,
Nor hopeless dreams sustain:
Thou, only thou, my dearest,
Canst make me man again."

It is hard to see how anyone can honestly desire or fairly be desired to remember such verse as this.

The readers of to-day are apt to desire novel or unusual metrical effects, and the Poet Laureate has shown us that the possibilities are not yet exhausted. It is, perhaps, time that the monosyllabic foot came again by its own. It is grateful to the natural ear of the child, has been at least sporadic at all periods, for even in the eighteenth century Gray and Cowper supply instances, and still lends charm to negro melodies. Miss Dargan uses it in a Dirge, of which Barnfield or Webster need not be ashamed:—

"Feet of flame, haste nor creep,
Where the stars are of Thy face."

In the use of another device neither Miss Dargan nor Mr. Gales, who also employs it, has been so successful. Keats, in "Endymion" and elsewhere, often rhymes a stress with an unstressed syllable. So our poets rhyme "eyes" with "sunrise," "countenance" with "birth-dance," "night" with "respice," "choose" with "purlieus," "rule" with "footstool," "ark" with "skylark." It is no wonder that Keats delights them with such a couplet as:—

"Young companies nimbly began dancing,
To the swift treble pipe and humming string."

Nevertheless, it is dangerous to handle the master's weapon, and our poets have failed to observe that even Keats did not attempt such rhymes in lyric verse. We feel sure he would not have given us such a stanza as Miss Dargan's:—

"My hope in high purlieus,
Desire ere lockt and kept,
On wing unbarred shall seek and choose,
Ay, choose, when I have slept."

It may be noted that where the word "purlieus" survives in its proper use, as in Rockingham Forest, it is pronounced "purleys," as doubtless it was by Shakespeare, who uses it only in its proper sense. For some of these rhymes the eye is, perhaps, to blame. If with Milton and common sense we wrote "respit," Mr. Gales might possibly not have given us such a broken-backed line as:—

"Day nor night knows no respice."

Mr. Gales sometimes gives us the perfect rhyme. It is familiar in French poetry, and instances may be found in Chaucer, Sidney, and others. Nevertheless, the English reader is not pleased to find Mr. Gales rhyming "souls" and "rissoles." Miss Dargan's union of "pass" and "was" gives a mere assonance with no identity either of vowel or of consonant.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Painting in East and West." By ROBERT DOUGLAS NORTON. (Arnold. 5s. net.)

WE may commend this book as an aid to clear thinking on the causes of the present public indifference to art. In a survey of contemporary European painting, Mr. Norton points out that the bulk of "official" art, by which he means that which finds acceptance at the academies and salons, is concerned, first and foremost, with illusions; that it requires

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The Stock is an investment authorized by "The Trustee Act, 1893," and Trustees may invest therein notwithstanding that the price may at the time of investment exceed the redemption value of £100 per cent.

Applications, which must be accompanied by a deposit of £2 per cent., will be received at the Bank of England, Threadneedle Street, London, E.C., and may be forwarded either direct or through the medium of any Banker or Stockbroker in the United Kingdom. Applications must be for even hundreds of pounds.

Further payments will be required as follows:—

£3 per cent. on Monday, the 7th December, 1914.	
£10 per cent. on Monday, the 21st December, 1914.	
£10 per cent. on Thursday, the 7th January, 1915.	
£10 per cent. on Thursday, the 21st January, 1915.	
£10 per cent. on Thursday, the 4th February, 1915.	
£10 per cent. on Monday, the 22nd February, 1915.	
£10 per cent. on Thursday, the 11th March, 1915.	
£10 per cent. on Thursday, the 25th March, 1915.	
£10 per cent. on Monday, the 12th April, 1915.	
£10 per cent. on Monday, the 26th April, 1915.	

THE GOVERNOR AND COMPANY OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND are authorized to receive applications for this Loan, which will take the form either of Inscribed Stock, or Bonds to Bearer, at the option of the Subscribers.

If not previously redeemed, the Loan will be repaid at par on the 1st March, 1928, but His Majesty's Government reserve to themselves the right to redeem the Loan at par at any time on, or after, the 1st March, 1925, on giving not less than three calendar months' notice in the *London Gazette*. Both Capital and Interest will be a charge on the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom.

The books of the Loan will be kept at the Bank of England and at the Bank of Ireland. Dividends will be paid half-yearly on the 1st March and 1st September. Dividends on Stock will be paid by Warrant which will be sent by post. Dividends on Bonds will be paid by Coupon.

Inscribed Stock will be convertible into Bonds to Bearer at any time without payment of any fee; and Bonds to Bearer will be exchangeable for Inscribed Stock on payment of a fee of one shilling per Bond.

In case of partial allotment, the balance of the amount paid as deposit will be applied towards the payment of the first instalment. Should there be a surplus after making that payment, such surplus will be refunded by cheque.

The instalments may be paid in full on or after the 7th December, 1914, under discount at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum. In case of default in the payment of any instalment by its proper date, the deposit and the instalments previously paid will be liable to forfeiture.

Scrip Certificates to Bearer, with Coupon attached for the dividend payable on the 1st March, 1915, will be issued in exchange for the provisional receipts. As soon as these Scrip Certificates to Bearer have been paid in full they can be inscribed (i.e., can be converted into Stock); or, they can be exchanged for Bonds to Bearer (as soon as these can be prepared) in denominations of £100, £200, £500 and £1,000. Inscribed Stock will be transferable in any sums which are multiples of a penny.

Application Forms may be obtained at the Bank of England and the Bank of Ireland; at any Bank or Money Order Office in the United Kingdom; of Messrs. Mullens, Marshall & Co., 13 George Street, Mansion House, E.C.; and of the principal Stockbrokers.

The List of Applications will be closed on, or before, Tuesday, the 24th November, 1914.

BANK OF ENGLAND, LONDON,
17th November, 1914.

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no special mental effort to understand; and that within its narrow limits it has been brought to such a state of perfection that no further development on the same lines is possible. Such an art is material in essence; it carries no spiritual message or suggestion of spirituality—hence its failure to arouse any more enthusiasm in the human soul already overburdened with materialism. Mr. Roger Fry and others have written much anent the unsatisfactoriness of purely representative painting, and have hailed Post-Impressionism as a remedy; Mr. Norton extends a qualified welcome to Post-Impressionism, but appeals mainly to the ancient painting of China in order to demonstrate the meaning and use of spirituality in art. Here we get a finely instructive comparison between the art systems of the meditative East and the practical West. The philosophical and metaphysical basis of the former has been dealt with by most thoughtful writers on Eastern art, and Mr. Norton's reflections are largely a summary of theirs with the addition, which gives the book its real value, that he applies the lessons of ancient Eastern painting to modern European needs. In this connection, the concluding chapters on "Vision," "Imagination," "Suggestion," "The Spiritual," and "The Sense of Beauty," are highly suggestive and helpful stimulants to the consideration of the higher possibilities of art.

* * *

"The Art and Craft of Home-Making." By EDWARD W. GREGORY. (Murby. 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a most useful collection of hints about what to avoid and what to secure in a house and in its furniture and arrangement. It begins with advice to those who are taking a house, and thence proceeds to deal with such matters as wall-papers, carpets, curtains, picture-hanging, and the hundreds of minor difficulties that beset the man and woman of moderate means who begin housekeeping. Each room in a house of moderate size is discussed in detail, and the book ends with a couple of hundred useful household recipes. We have heard it said that no lifetime is long enough in which to acquire the knowledge necessary to take a house and furnish it satisfactorily. Mr. Gregory's book, which is fully illustrated, will help his readers to supplement their own experience, and we have little doubt that those who purchase it and follow its author's advice will be amply repaid both in cash and contentment.

The Week in the City.

THE chief feature of the week has, of course, been the War Budget, with its swinging additions to direct and indirect taxation; and, secondly, the War Loan, one of the largest—probably the largest—ever issued in the history of any country. It is a straightforward operation, and the interest, which is just below 4 per cent., is, of course, highly attractive for the best of all gilt-edged securities. The very size of the loan has prevented any very rapid rush of subscribers. People feel that there is plenty for everybody, and therefore no need to hurry. Thursday's Bank return was again satisfactory, as it showed another big addition of nearly 3½ millions to the Reserve. The pro-

portion to liabilities has now risen to 34 per cent., and the position of the country must be regarded as highly satisfactory, considering that, in spite of the strain of the war, we have maintained our gold currency intact, while the inconvertible paper of our principal antagonist is already seriously depreciated. The new taxation is received with exemplary patriotism, the feeling being that a heavy pecuniary sacrifice is almost a privilege to those who are not at the front.

THE TERMS OF THE WAR LOAN.

The great War Loan, foreshadowed last week, has now appeared, and in size it is easily ahead of all estimates. The greatest amount of capital which the London Market has raised by public subscription in any recent year was £267,000,000 in 1910, the year of the rubber boom. Now it is asked to find £350,000,000 between now and April 25th next, the date of the last instalment. Of this great sum, £100,000,000 has already been promised, presumably by the banks. There is no reason why this, or even double the amount, should inconvenience the banks in the least, for as the money is received into the Treasury account at the Bank of England, it will flow out again as Government expenditure, and go to swell bank deposits. The long term over which the instalments are spread will prevent any monetary strain. The fact that £90,000,000 has been borrowed on Treasury Bills without raising the three months' discount rate to 3 per cent. is proof of the ability of the market to provide the instalments. The loan is a 3½ per cent. stock, offered at 95 per cent., and repayable at par on March 1st, 1928, with the option to the Government to redeem at par after March 1st, 1925, on giving three months' notice. On these terms the yield is £3 19s. 6d. per cent., allowing for the profit on redemption. The early date of repayment precludes any possibility of serious depreciation; but to make the loan more attractive still, a questionable arrangement has been made with the Bank of England to lend up to 5 per cent. of the face-value of the stock—that is to say, up to the issue price. Interest on the loans so made will be charged at 1 per cent. below Bank Rate, so that it is impossible for an investor to lose money by investing in the loan unless Bank Rate rises to a high figure. The success of this loan means a sufficient mobilization of our resources to last us, in the estimation of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, until July 1st. Let us hope that the war will be over long before that date.

THE COPPER POSITION.

When the war broke out the Metal Market closed on account of the absence of demand and the prospect of a bottomless slump should any selling be forced. As the war has progressed, however, the demand for copper has grown, and the price has improved. The visible supplies have decreased during the first half of November, and it seems as if the demands of the "war trades" may compensate for the reduced consumption in ordinary channels. Some producers shut down owing to the impossibility of marketing their output, chiefly through lack of shipping facilities; but now that the American and Australian trade routes do not entail almost prohibitive freight and insurance rates, producers in those countries have a market open, and there is no reason why holders of shares in American or Australian copper mines should be anxious. Tintos command a price no better than 48½ at present.

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